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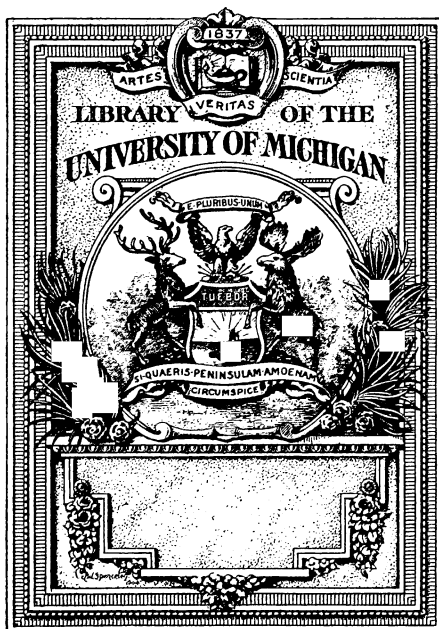
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# KALLISTRATUS









"The crowd rushed on him, to take him."

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# KALLISTRATUS

101974

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

A. H. GILKES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

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## P R E F A C E

ABOUT four years ago I published a story called "The Thing that hath Been." Of those who read the story, some thought that I meant by writing it to attack the Church of England, to which I am strongly attached; others that I meant to attack the system of public school education, which I think most salutary.

In fact, I only intended to represent the youth of Socrates as I conceived it, placing him in English surroundings; thus trying to explain the feelings which his countrymen entertained towards him—feelings compounded of mistrust and dislike, not unmixed with admiration and wonder. I hope that of those who may read this book, no one will think that I have done anything else than simply put in the mouths of the characters those opinions which I thought that they would be likely to hold.

THE COLLEGE, DULWICH,  
*March 1897.*

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THE CROWD RUSHED ON HIM, TO TAKE

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KALLINICE TOOK HER SEAT UPON THE

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HE DREW HIS SWORD, AND SHOUTED,

"UPON THEM, MY CHILDREN" . . . . . „ 95



# KALLISTRATUS

## PROLOGUE

IN the year 430 B.C. there was no city which drew the eyes of the world so completely towards it as Athens. It had been for several decades at the head of that confederacy which was formed to maintain the security of Greece against the Persians. Originally each member of the confederacy contributed yearly either money, ships, or men, for the national defence; but in most cases, sooner or later, these contributions took the form of money alone; and as, year by year, the Persians became less and less formidable, and the surplus of the fund rapidly increased, it was presently appropriated, by the great Athenian statesman Pericles, to adorn and strengthen the city of Athens itself. Temple after temple of the fairest proportions and most beautiful workmanship, shrine after shrine, statue after statue, surpassing all the efforts of later times, was set

A

up within her walls; her riches increased, her citizens were multiplied, and lived a life of exquisite luxury and refinement. They seemed to be the children of the blessed gods, and the city seemed to be favoured by the brightest and gentlest of the Immortals. At Athens was the air most pure and clear, and the streams like silver; at Athens, according to the story, the Muses, the goddesses of all accomplishments, had given to the earth Harmony, their yellow-haired daughter. Upon Athens the goddess of beauty had breathed her sweetest breath; and Athens was the home of Pallas Athene, the immortal queen of wisdom. The Athenians, rich and at ease, their long hair crowned with roses, moved in an atmosphere of wit, wisdom, and beauty, the elect of the world. Their life was made bright by social festivals, costly, but at the same time elegant and tasteful. Nor was this luxury so extreme as to enervate either mind or body. There were no braver men, none more enterprising, and none more accomplished, than the Athenians.

But the imperial greatness of Athens soon disappeared, first before the attack of Sparta and her allies; so that in the year 404 B.C., after the campaigns of Lysander, at last the city itself was taken, and many monuments of its imperial greatness were destroyed. It is a fact, which even

now grates upon the hearts of those who read, that to the sound of music made by Spartan lyres and fifes, the long walls of Athens were destroyed—those walls which connected the city itself with the Piræus, its harbour, those walls which proclaimed its connection with the sea, and rendered its supremacy on the sea possible.

When Sparta proved herself unworthy of the place to which her allies and her armies had raised her, when she showed that she could not govern dependencies, even govern them according to the idea of government which men then possessed, it was not Athens that shook her power; it was Thebes, a city which at home and abroad had the worst record of all the Grecian states. Epaminondas, the great Theban, led his countrymen to victory at Leuctra and Mantinea, and Athenians did little more than accept the new position. But there was that about the Athenians which prevented them from passing into insignificance; and presently, when Philip of Macedon, by his gold and soldierly cunning, attacked the liberties of Greece, Athens once again came to the front. She was no mean city still, and Demosthenes, her great citizen, became her champion in the struggle which she, and Greece under her guidance, made to resist the advance of the Macedonians. But the efforts of

Demosthenes were in vain; that is, if they are to be judged by the common measure; Philip grew in strength and prevailed. But the great orator cried to his fellow-citizens, in words which charm and nerve men even now, that no brave effort for freedom, no unselfish adherence to a righteous cause, can really be thrown away—can really, whatever be the issue, be described as simply vain; and thus, though Philip prevailed, yet the honours remained with Demosthenes, who lost.

In the days of Alexander, the son of Philip, matters went worse still for Athens; and, together with the whole of Grece, she now remained outside of the great issues of history. Men's eyes were fixed upon the East—upon Alexander, upon his gigantic exploits and wonderful personality. When he died the whole world was shocked, and Demades, the Athenian, said: "It cannot be that Alexander is dead. If he were, the whole world would stink of his carcass." Alexander died in 323 B.C., and his empire was split up into sections; of the European section—namely, Macedonia—Athens became simply a part, and her political importance was overwhelmed for ever.

How was it that the course of Athens was thus downward, that Sparta beat her, that Thebes went before her, that Macedon beat her, that she lost her influence and her independence? The ex-

planation of all this is not to be given by speaking of military and political reverses, of *Ægospotami*, of *Chæronea*. It is to be found in the character of the Athenian people. They were not really able to govern dependencies, and they were not able to govern themselves. Able, eloquent, and accomplished as they were, there lay deep in the heart of the people other forces which destroyed them. They worshipped beauty, and thus they lost their admiration for strength. They ceased to be willing to suffer hardships, and desired to spend easy, thoughtless lives, when their position as an imperial people could only be maintained by self-denial, by wisdom, and by the edge of the sword. Thus steadiness, earnestness, perseverance, and principle began to disappear from the national character ; and their Panhellenic feeling, which had once made all Greece glow with admiration, evaporated into an academic luxury ; their patriotism became merely a sentiment ; they governed, when they had dependencies to govern, in a selfish spirit ; they alienated their allies, they became fickle in their political attachments, and both grasping and feeble in their policies. Gradually the state lost its spirit. It could criticise, but it could not act. Its public men became corrupt, and accepted bribes from its enemies. The offenders were from time to time brought to trial,



for the old machinery—the laws of a wholesome time—was still existing. But though one or other citizen might be punished, yet the evil disposition remained a habit in the nation. Athenians began to bend before what was strong, not because it was in the right, but because it was strong ; they lost individuality, and at last adapted themselves to the whims and ways of a master ; and this hardly two centuries after Marathon, not 150 years from the days of Pericles.

And yet there was still about the Athenians something which no other people in the world possessed—the power to produce forms of beauty, and to admire them truly ; the power to charm, to spend leisure in a manner not rough or brutal, but polite. And again they had a treasure better and more splendid than any material inheritance ; a treasure which was the heritage of every one of them, and of which no one could rob them—the great writings of their great countrymen ; written in Greek, and so written as to make the understanding of the Greek tongue something always to be desired. And thus, though Athens politically was dead, yet the Athenians lived, and influenced mankind, sometimes corrupting their simplicity by the viler appliances of civilisation, sometimes imposing upon their ignorance, sometimes amusing them and ennobling them by teaching them the

lore which Greeks alone possessed. The exercise of this influence was not confined to those who visited Athens. For Athenians were in the early days of the third century before Christ to be met with in many places besides Athens. Political changes continually expelled from the city many eminent families. The world was beginning in a certain sense to be Athenian country; and wherever men were, there Athenians could make their way, alternately helping and amusing their company, causing in those with whom they associated different feelings, sometimes of admiration, sometimes of awe, and sometimes of contempt.

## CHAPTER I

### THE ORACLE ON THE RHONE

I AM now a man quite old, and I shall soon be among those below. If I had known whither I am about to go, or whether I am about to go anywhere, I would have pondered chiefly on the future; but since all this is uncertain, I regard the past, and remember it, pushing the future from my mind. And yet the past pains me—does any man love altogether to think of his past?—and even that part of it on which I love to think, pains me, when I remember what I was, and see what I am. I am a shadow now, and once I was substance whom men noted; now I do nothing and say nothing noticed. I am indeed a grasshopper, like that which my ancestors wore in their hair, but that they twittered not; and I shall die unnoted and unmissed. I pined in my youth for fame, and for fame did what now I hate to remember; and yet no post will tell throughout the world of me dead, no king nor city will sigh relieved, and no woman will

weep. Yet I have done what was notable, and more. I have seen more than most men see, and I have been a part of great matters. I bear very hardly this being nothing; and I am lonely too, and need company; therefore I will find it in the past; I will bring up the shades of men, and tell of them and of me who am a shade; and men shall speak of me in my age, as once they spoke of me in my youth. Thus I will sing of battles and state matters; and you, men of Athens, among whom I live, and who regard me not, who talk and flatter the stronger, you shall know that I am better than you, you shall know what I have seen, and wonder at me, because I helped to shake that which you flatter, even Rome. And you Romans, you Sulpicius, of the white toga and purple border, who do not even look at me—my name, who have done greater things than you, and come from greater men, my name shall go further than yours. And, O city of Rome, despising my city and me, you shall know that I was a part of that which nearly destroyed you. Alas for me! it pains me that you do not hate me or fear me. One man you hated and feared, and might me also perhaps, had things gone otherwise.

It is a history that I shall tell, not a fancy. I shall not wander in the world, like Herodotus

whom all men know, nor exchange city for city to find out truth, like the great Thucydides, whose names, Greek though they are, will last out the names of Claudius or Sempronius. I stay at home, and place together my history, the history of myself. I have no scribe nor informer to help me; but my memory alone, and my brother's tale, and my sister's tale, told to me by them who are now dead; and thus I sit alone beside a cold hearth. And I shall have also a handmaiden, my fancy, who shall prompt me, and join for me piece to piece; and thus will I make a new thing, a story of true things for men to read; not to see, as on a stage, or to see with thought alone. I too will create, like Sophocles, and like Euripides, and like Plato; and what I say will be truth, though fancy partly. Was *Œdipus* in the grove at *Colonus*? Did *Medea* of *Colchis* in truth cry out the words that come from *Stesippus*' mouth? Sat *Socrates* in truth beneath the plane-tree and bathed his feet? In truth, I know not; it seems as though he sat. And so what I write shall stand, though some of it I saw not; and so me also men will see, when I write; and know me and my company, which was; and I shall live, though dead.

Therefore I will write, and write of war, and of a hero; another as well as myself. For he was a

hero; and my spirit quailed before his. Though I could think and plan when I was away from him, yet when I saw him I could not hold to what I thought and planned; I became altogether under him, and his plan put mine away; for his plan was the best; better than Mago's, better than Gisco's, better than Mutines'—the best; and we knew that it was the best. When I saw him, if I was hungry or faint, I noted it not; I went where he bade me, and waited where he placed me. Neither could I lift my eyes to look on him, except in admiration and love; for when I had other thoughts, I could not meet his eyes. As I think of him now, my heart warms, my breath pants. There never was a man like him, nor shall be; brave and glorious, unbroken in calamity; the centre of the world that was not Roman, and filling every Roman heart with hatred and fear; the equal of an army, of a nation—matchless Hannibal. Alas! as I write, the spirit of loyalty and love stabs me cruelly when I think that I forsook and betrayed him. There are times when I think that what I did was right. But when I write of him, I am struck with shame, and gnawed with pain. He is dead; and he died with every plan foiled, and every hope defeated; and yet I would that I had stayed at his side, and had been happier so in the end.

I know not whether it was an evil day for me, and for my sister, when we saw him first. She saw him, and loved him with all her heart and soul, and seemed from that day onwards to have no eyes for man. All men who saw her laid themselves at her feet; who would not, for her beauty was superb? Even to the day of death her face and form were divine; no Athene that Phidias saw and shaped was more a goddess than she. No man who saw her did not try to see her again. And even he, whom the Romans say beat Hannibal,—beat him indeed! so the armed man beats the naked,—even he, the favourite of the gods, whose name is spread throughout the world, so that I hate to think of it, he loved and followed her, so that she might, had she so chosen it, have ruled the world. But even to him here were the gods unkind; his goddess would have none of him; me and my brother she loved, as a sister loves; and Hannibal she loved, as a lover loves, wildly and steadily, so that to hear his voice made her face pale, and at the tidings of his death she died. Now I will write, and write of myself; for that is my purpose.

I am an Athenian, Kallistratus the Athenian; but Athens saw I never until I was an old man;

worn and feeble I came to the places, the names of which I knew, where my fathers had lived and done great things, for which some even of the Romans have respect, brutish though they are. To be an Athenian is to be noble; and I am an Athenian of Athenians. My grandfather in the fifth degree heard Pericles in the *Ἐκκλησία*, and placed in the urn pebbles which directed fleets and armies, and set up and pulled down cities. His son marched with Thrasybulus from Phylæ, and set up again the people, in the power which they betray. He sat also as juryman in that trial of which men yet speak, of that strange man whose name yet lives because he found a writer to describe him, as mine shall live by my own writing—I mean Socrates, who was partly a disgrace, and partly a glory to Athens; he would have ruined an army, but yet he was a brave man. My ancestor condemned him, so my father said, but would not have made him drink the hemlock. The son of this ancestor of mine was taxiarch under Chabrias; it seems always under, under, under, with my race; and I had hoped to change this. And again by some divine luck he was with Iphicrates at Corinth, when the Mora came gaily on to destruction. He brought a Spartan shield to Athens, and himself carved on it that which Pericles said: “*φιλοσοφούμεν ἀνέν*”



μαλακίας." These words were true then, but they are not true now. This Spartan shield Alexander the Macedonian took as a gift when he entered Athens; where it is now, I know not. His son, my grandfather in the second degree, was at Chæroneia; he marched out, and marched back—to an enslaved state. He rebelled against the Macedonians, and was expelled by the cursed Antigonos, who worked the last ruin of our city. Alas me! had Athens been Athens, and the Athenians been men, then I had been a man now; the first among Athenians, the capital of the world. There was no man then at Athens, for I do not count a talker a man, to save the Athenian nation and our place. My great-grandfather was born in exile, at Nikaia, in the savage Ligurian land; and from that time no more are the works of my kindred known. There were none there in Nikaia to know the worth of our race, and of the gifts we might have given to them. We lived there, amusing and teaching and scorning our company, teaching them such arts as they cared to know, something of the shaping of weapons, and something of drill and of moving troops, and of navigating the sea, and something also of cookery: but these barbarians despised us; their bodies were strong, and ill fares it with exiles. Truly said Pericles, that only the prosperity of the whole

brings prosperity to the individual. In another generation, Kallicles my grandfather and his family were again scattered, and moved towards Illyria. But at last my own father, Kallistratus, with my mother and their slave Strabo, one left of many, moved westward to Massilia; and then presently inland, a five days' journey up the banks of the great river Rhone, where I and my brother Kallicles, and my sister Kallinice, the eldest of us three, were born. I have heard all these things from my father, and he told me too how he chose a place of dwelling. My father was a man wise and strong, and there was no way of life in which he could not live, and living in it bear rule. He learned at Massilia the ways and needs of the fiery yellow-haired blue-eyed giants of the Rhone; he heard of all that they were from the merchants who travelled among them, and he made his plans, plans such as might have made a state, though all that came of them was the safety of one family. My father could weave a myth according to fact and fancy; he could see in that about him all that there was, even to the depth of men's souls; and thus as he talked, all things of which he told us rose plain before us. Thus he taught the history of our race, and told us of Athens and its glories, of Troy and Marathon, and how the sea became the

Athenians' home, their half of the world. He told us also of other nations, of Egypt and Persia; and through all lands he led us in speech and thought; while we listened and laughed and cried. And he told us also of his own times and wanderings, and how they three, my father, my mother, and Strabo, coming from Illyria, entered upon their place on the bank of the river. He said, and I can see him now, and the circle round him — him with his clear skin, dark eyes, and laughing lips, his whole face like a god's, and us sitting around him in our house, each on a stool, my fair and gentle mother, and Kallicles with his back bent, his halting leg drawn back, and my fair strong sister; and withdrawn a little from us, seated on the lowest stool, but not from humility (for that, like all else, was but a pretence with him), but for comfort's sake, Strabo, with his back on the wall, and his red face glowing as the fire blaze shone on it, glowing like a red moon; only that the moon leers not nor grins, but looks sad always. So we sat and listened, while my father spoke. "Ye see these wild rude men whose country this is; and how they come to this shrine for all the wisdom that they have. Twenty years ago they had none of it; they fished, and hunted, and drank and quarrelled, and killed, and had shrines, or a grove, but

no deity within it. From the better world there came to them only sturdy pedlars with their packs; brave men, but teaching nothing. But, my sons, one evening, when old Alorcos, whom ye know, was fishing in the pools beneath the high western bank, he drove his boat hard by this hole of Verda; and strange were the sounds which from that hole proceeded. Hark, my children!" He lifted up his finger; we listened to the sounds we well knew, living always near them; gasping as of a giant breathing. "No Gaul came here, even in the day, though the fishing is best here, and now it was evening. While he listened then in fear, from the hole three beings moved towards him, and stood still on the river's brink; one was beautiful as Persephone herself." Here my father looked away from me, and on my mother with eyes of love; she rose and threw her arms around his neck, and said, "And one was as stately as Hermes the herald."

My father laughed, and bowed his head. "And one," he said, with twinkling eye, as it fell upon Strabo, with his round belly and red nose, "and one was godlike also, or like a companion to a god—god's friend—that is Silenus. Then did Persephone"—(My mother cried, "Avert it, holy goddess")—call with a sweet voice and

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wave of her hand, pointing down to the net; a great shoal of fish had swum into it. Alorcos looked down, and seeing the fish, was afraid: he looked on each of the three beings, and, last of all, on great Silenus; then he could endure no more, but fled. Yet, next day at dawning, he came with others, and found us where he had seen us before. We gave him balsam for a wound which he had, and sent a net to the king. From that time we have been here, teaching and helping, and now we rule the king and the Ilergetan land, Athenians straight born. It is strange, my children."

My father looked at me as he often looked when he was speaking; for my brother was lame and misshapen, and kept himself behind; but my sister loved him the more for it.

From that time the glory of the shrine grew, and its splendour and its size. At first, my father said, the enclosure was separated from the glade of the forest only by a string, and the bowls for purification were wooden. But presently in the place of the string a wall was built, and at the gate were placed two brazen bowls. And when all was fully developed, I will tell you what those who consulted the god saw.

As they entered the enclosure, before them there was a portico, resting on four pillars;

through this they passed into a dark chamber of twenty feet in length and ten in breadth. At the end of it, there swung from the ceiling a lamp, throwing its light both dimly into the chamber, and showing also the holy cell behind it, which was built round the hole of Verda. As in trembling silence each worshipper stood on the threshold of the chamber and called upon the god, my father in priestly robes appeared under the lamp, and demanded what the worshipper needed of the god. The question was given, and the priest retired to the side, waving a pan, from which smoke and odour issued. The suppliant laid his offering on an altar to the right, then my sister or my mother took her place upon the tripod under the image of the god, which was enthroned in a niche in the farther wall; while the priestess thus took her place, the cell was filled with a sound of thunder. Then my father, with a smoking pan in his hand, put the question; there was again a noise of thunder; the priestess stood upright, and told in a strange tone the god's message. Then, trembling, the suppliant retired. I tell it as I have seen it a hundred times, and as it seemed to him who came to the god. At the outer door my father was wont to meet the trembling barbarian, and explain

to him the message, with words in which the wisdom of a god really lay.

It was said to me by Xenodocus the Stoic, that this was poor mummary—the acting of a lie, nothing else. But I say that he thought wrongly of it. It is true that Strabo made the thunder, sitting in a chamber in the hole, and that my father made the oracle, knowing each man's business before he came, or learning it when he came. But what then? It was as a stratagem in war; but one that made alive instead of killing. The Gauls were ruled by it, and were happy and righteous because of it; and nought else would have served the turn. Wherefore, hold thy peace who talkest of lies, or speak only those who never deceive; then I know I shall hear nothing against the oracle. And yet my sister misliked it; from the first she partly misliked it, and never liked it better. She had a high heart, as high as Olympus, whither she should have gone; for there are none on that peak above her; and Kallicles misliked it as he grew towards his manhood.

I must write something of Kallicles, saying what was his nature. We were together in life sixteen years, till I had been seventeen years born; and he loved me. I loved him partly, but I loved myself more. My heart

grows soft in my age when I think of him. He gave me all he had without grudging; but I grudged him even the little praise he won. Not in arms he won it, nor in council; he was small and crooked as the gods make few Greeks; and he cared not for state matters, remaining unknown and contented thereat. Yet one power he had. He could make lays and sing them sweetly. I did not love to hear him, though others did. I would I had loved better to hear him. But I thought then that in this world every man should be for himself; and he for me, because he was crooked, and younger than I. I am sorry now. I see in my age, sometimes, a better way of living; that men should be more like my brother Kallicles, less like me; but this is a way in thought only, not known in life in any city in which I have been.

My mother loved him most, I think, of us three, and needed no one else when he was near her. And he loved her more than I. By merely loving men and speaking no evil of them, he made them love him, so that on the Rhone the Gauls treated him always kindly, and Strabo too; and at Rome, even Scipio and the rest would have him with them; and here in Athens, there were many wept when he died, and brought ornaments



and honey-cakes for his funeral, and cut their hair. But my mother loved him most of all, and thought herself happy to die for him; as she died, bringing to us, her children, sorrow for the first time that we had known it. For in the winter, she and he with her went to get wood, and a wolf attacked them. Then she sent him before her to the house, and herself fought the wolf until he had reached it. Then she came fast towards home, and my father ran to help her; but she was bitten sorely, and her wounds were chilled by the winter. So she died. Eight years old was I then.

## CHAPTER II

### WAR RUMOURS

I WILL now tell of Strabo, whose life was at first a part of mine. He was a slave, but yet he lived with us not as slaves live with masters. I remember him as he was to me, being yet a boy by the banks of the swift, clear Rhone. He seemed to have no thought for the best, nor for the past; and when my father spoke of either, he slept. Nor did he think of the distant future; and when men spoke of it and wondered, he cast his eyes only to the pantry. But he loved the present, and himself only, as it seemed. And yet he loved also my father and my mother, and Kallinice and Kallicles, and at last proved it well; me he loved not over-much. The rest of the world he despised verily; but said nought of it, fearing to receive injury, against which he with care guarded himself. He could make a man laugh; for in his talk there was that which idlers loved. So when he died the Capuans cried, "Woe for him!"

For seventeen years after I was born we lived on the banks of the Rhone, and, save my mother's death, little happened to us; only the coming of the Gauls to the oracle, and the coming of the pedlars with their wares and news. Four times each year my father went to Massilia, and stayed there for three nights or more. He rode along the bank of the river to Avenio, and then crossed the plain to the port. Four times he had taken me, and twice my brother, and once Kallinice. I felt always happy when I was young and my life was before me; now each boy is my master, for I would that I were he; but then I was myself a boy, and every one when he saw me looked again at me. Woe, woe is me, I say, for the time of boyhood!

In those days I made plans to govern the Gauls as their king. I told my plans to my father, that he might use them, and the sovereignty descend to me. He laughed, and said, "I am their king already. And hearken, Kallistratus; for thou hast that within thee which will make thee try to rule somewhere. If thou wilt rule, think less of thyself. Men rule by three ways—by force, by sympathy, and by mystery; by one or all three. Try thou the second of the three ways." I was silent; and then he said, "Thou understandest me not." It was true, but

I could not bear to say so. I said, "I understand thee." He smiled half sadly, and turned away. Long afterwards I understood, when my chance had come and gone; then I knew that which all who would rule men must know.

Still I thought on my plans, and meant to use them to rule the whole world. One day I went down to the river bank, and hung over the bank where the water was deep and still, and looked at my face in the stream. I thought I saw a king's face. Then I heard a laugh, and turned, and saw Strabo lying on the bank, and Kallicles with him, and Strabo's white teeth shining under his red nose. I said to him, "Why laughest thou, Strabo?"

"Nay," said Strabo, "an thou canst not tell I tell thee not. But a plague on this mistral, how great it is! It blows dust and chokes a man, so that he drinks more wine than is according to the master's wish. I think it comes from a hydra in yonder mountains, and were there a Heracles here, he should be welcome to kill it. Mayhap there is." He looked at me, and laughed again. "Or an Alexander at least."

"Mayhap there is," said I, flushing in my cheeks. "Thou fat slave."

"Wilt thou not be Heracles and kill it thyself, Strabo?" said Kallicles, in very gentle mockery.

But no boys, nor no men, either by mockery or abuse, could ever make Strabo uneasy. He laid himself down, seeming as lazy as a man could seem, and said, "I think I will, with the gods' help."

"The gods will not help thee, for thou believest not in them," said Kallicles: while I fumed for his raillery of me, and wished to say something to hurt him.

"Nay," said Strabo, "I should believe in them, if I went to kill the hydra;—until the beast were dead. Though, truth to tell, since I have attended school, as thy pedagogue, I have somewhat fallen away from Zeus. For the master hath broken up poor Strabo's beliefs, by his lectures; so that Zeus, being doubted, is no more Strabo's friend. And, listening to thy father, I have found out shocking things of that same Zeus; and not much better about Apollo, to whom we pray, and whose sign this is, and who protects us; for were it not for him, we should have short lives among these red-headed giants here."

Then said I, "Hold thy peace about my father, or he shall teach thee with a lesson for thyself, at my asking, when he returns from Massilia."

"I pray thee ask not," said Strabo earnestly. "I will be content to have the crumbs from thee, young Alexander. I pray thee let well alone."

“ Well ! ” said Kallicles, laughing. “ For art thou ‘ well ’ ? ”

Strabo was about to answer, when I heard steps descending from the higher bank towards the river shore ; and I stood up to look. I remember all the events of that night ; for from that night a change was made in my life, and that came which gave me to fortune and to manhood. For months past we had heard strange rumours ; the name of Rome sounded more loudly in our ears, and her hand seemed to be reaching towards us. I can remember that in the dim past of my early childhood, my father most often spoke to us of Carthage ; and when he came from Massilia at any time, most tales of his were about her ships and her sailors. Yet with his talk of the past and that which was coming was always some afterthought of what Rome might do. She seemed to lie behind all the history that he told us, like the grim power in the background, which Herodotus knew, which, both relentless and mysterious, in spite of Zeus, governed mankind. It was known to us that Hamilcar, the chief of his family, had gone to Spain, the fates being kind to him, and had founded there a kingdom. We knew that he had grown great in that kingdom, planning some day to attack Rome. He was dead, and his nephew ; and Hannibal, his son, who was

not twelve years beyond my age, was ruling in his room, and was a king except for the name. For months we had heard of stirs in Spain, and that the time was coming some day when he would move eastward towards Rome, and try to punish her for Sardinia and Corsica seized, and for Sicily conquered, and take from her the talents paid her when the first war was done. It was partly to learn the truth of these rumours that my father had gone to the coast now; this was the tenth day since he went, and we thought that he would return that night.

I heard steps, and called out, "Who comes?"

"It is Kallistratus if any one," said Strabo.

"Not so," said I. "The tread is of a young man."

Presently down the path through the vines, passing the corner of the hill, we saw him who was that which I wished to become—Iketorix the king. Knowing what I know now, and having seen what I have seen, I wonder that I wished for his place, and to govern a race of savages; but then I was a boy. Alas for me! and now I am old, and have ruled over no one.

The man came on, taller by a head than any of us; he was wild to see, but still grand in shape. Had I ruled, he should have been near me for my servant. His yellow hair fell down as far as his

shoulders, and his blue eyes shone brightly. I can praise men if they deserve it, though my father thought I could not; that is when I am above them plainly.

I heard Strabo say, "What a creature! Great lump of a king! How rejoiced I am that he has no wits in his yellow head. He loves us not, at least none of us three. But he fears."

"Not thee," said Kallicles, laughing. He stepped forward, behind me, and the Gaul as he came forward frowned to hear him laugh. He said, frowning, "Bend your heads!"

Then Strabo came forward and made a low obeisance.

I said, "We salute only Greeks."

Strabo said, "Think only of their youth, great king. Older and wiser Greeks salute you." And again he made a bow as if of unspeakable respect; indeed, his body could bend no more than he bent it. What he did then made me angry, as all that he did made me angry, for his shrewdness overtopped mine in little things.

Iketerix looked not at him, but at my brother and at me. He said, "I am a king. Who are the Greeks? I have fought and conquered. I have sacked Lugdunum and looked Intutomarus in the face. Who are the Greeks? What foes have you beaten, and where is your country?"



"Wherever it is, great king," said Strabo, "it is nothing to yours; and as to the sacking of——"

But Kallicles, who was by his side, while I wanted words said, "What wants Iketorix, the taker of Lugdunum, the looker into the face of Intutomarus, of these Greeks?"

Even Strabo straightened himself when my brother spoke, because of his tone; and Iketorix only said, "I want thy father. I would consult his god." Then his face flushed, and he said, "And feared I not thy god, I had smitten thy unbending head."

"Kallistratus is at Massilia," said Kallicles. "And the god speaks only when he is here."

Iketorix stood in doubt, and laid his hand upon a flask which he carried at his girdle, wherein was a gem set. While I was minded to make myself chief speaker in this talk, as was my right, again Strabo pushed himself forward and said, "It may be that he will speak at my prayer. He hath ere now," he added, as I pushed him backwards. "He thundereth at least, and that is speech of God. He will speak, I will warrant, if the great king will make an offering to his mind."

Iketorix looked at Strabo, and thought of the god, and found the contrast not to his mind. But then I heard the sound of a horse, and cried, "Here is my father."

We turned and looked, and presently saw my father descend the hill. I would I could have drawn what I saw, as I saw it. Apelles hath a name, and lives; and had I lived in an Eastern world, I too might have lived in men's mouths; but in this Western barbarism were no pictures drawn or desired. This was a fair picture to see. On the right and in front the hill of vines, with the path between the vines, and riding down the path my father in his woollen dress of purple colour, with the grey petasus resting closely on his black hair. On the left the broad breast of the Rhone. My father came on erect and beautiful, though his horse was spent; we saluted him with reverence, standing then upright before him. The voice of Iketorix was no longer proud, and Strabo's impudence left him.

My father greeted us and then said, "What wilt thou, Iketorix?"

"I will consult thy god," said Iketorix.

My father looked on him steadily and silently. It was common with us for one of us, most often Strabo, to speak with each worshipper, and gather from him what he needed, so that my father, as he robed himself, might write the answer for the priestess. But now my father sent Strabo away, saying, "Go to thy mistress and bid her prepare." He went himself into the house and wrote the

lines, without a word from any one. Then he went into the shrine, where was my sister, and Strabo in his place in the chamber beneath, his metal sheet in his hand, and no doubt laughter on his lips. These were the lines that my father wrote, in the Gallic tongue :—

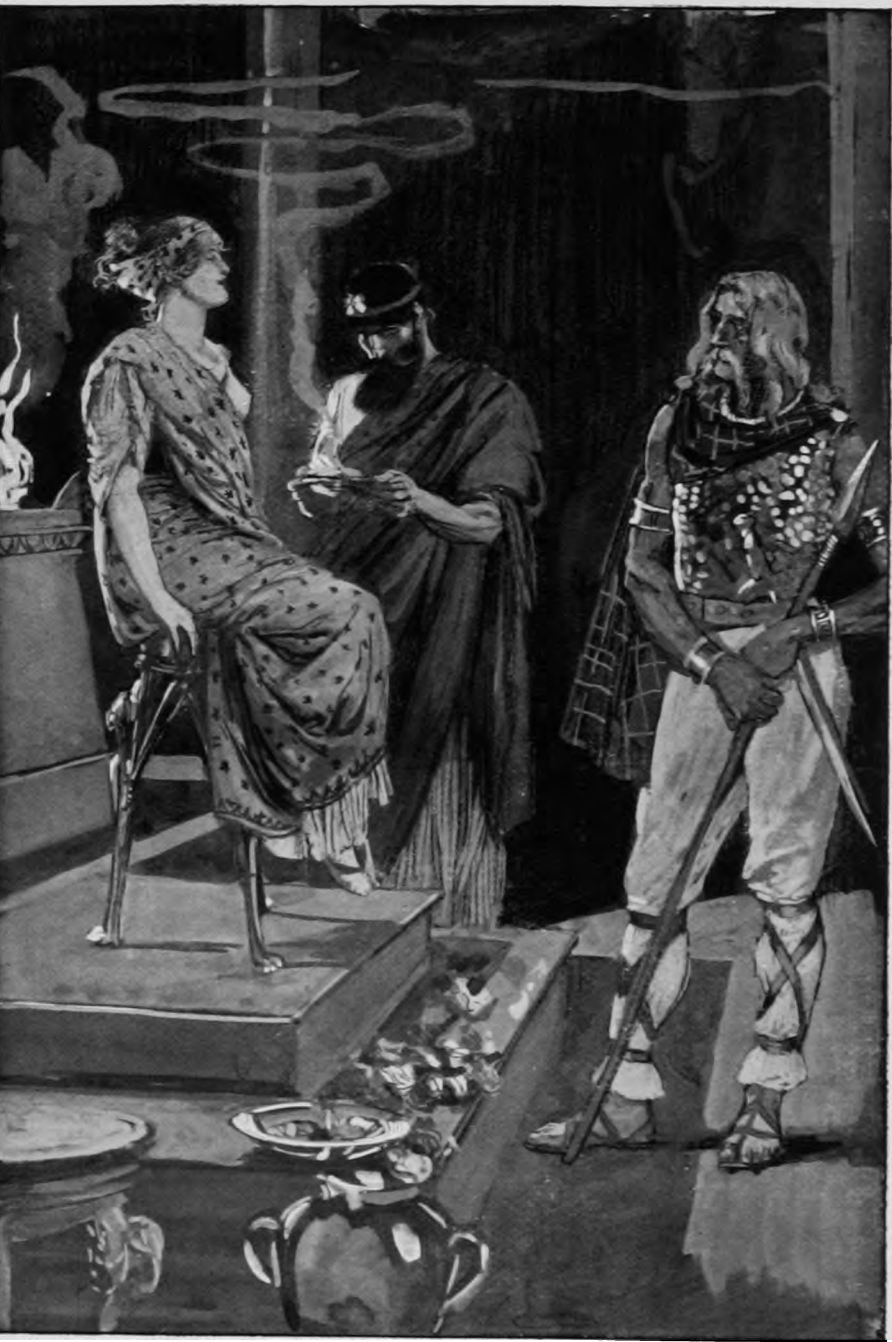
“Swarthy and fierce are the horsemen, but young is the leader who leads them.

Level the line of the legion ; and it shall win at the finish.”

Then he came to the door—he was like himself to the god—and beckoned to Iketorix in silence. As Iketorix passed the lintel the thunder was heard, and his limbs trembled. We two, my brother and I, stood in the doorway and watched. Iketorix deposited his offering—the ivory flask—on the altar, to the left ; then my father took the incense pan, and the shrine was filled with fragrant smoke, and the thunder rolled loudly. Kallinice took her seat upon the tripod, and my father said in his terrible voice, “What wants Iketorix of the god ?”

I saw the tunic of Iketorix tremble upon his shoulders as he said, “The Carthaginians are near ; shall my people take part with them or not ?”

Then Kallinice rose with a cry from the tripod, as my father had taught her ; and cried, as though



**"Kallinice took her seat upon the tripod."**

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with a power not her own, the lines which my father had given her.

Then my father led Iketorix from the shrine, and we followed, and stood on the level sward before the temple.

"Heard you the god's utterance?" said Kallistratus.

"I heard," said Iketorix. "But how to interpret it I know not."

"How went it?" said my father.

"Young is a horse," said Iketorix, "and level a leader who wins at the finish. So it went, I think."

There was a noise, as of one choking, from the place where Strabo stood, and my father turned and smote him on the back. Then said he to Iketorix, "Nay, nay, thou art slow to remember."

Iketorix said in anger, "I can strike a head from its shoulders."

"Ay," said my father, "but that will be two days hence."

"Thou hast heard then that the Carthaginians are here. They have sent to ask for the passage of the river."

"Wilt thou grant it?" said my father.

"I came to ask the god thereof. But what he bids, I know not."

"He bids thee know that though the Numidian

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horsemen are swift, yet since their leader is but a boy, and since the Roman legions are steady, the Romans will win at last."

"Then I will stand by them, and by my territory," said Iketorix. "Tell me, Kallistratus, is this thy thought too?"

I saw Strabo's face become redder, and his mouth spread,—for no man could move in those days in my company and I not know it,—but he uttered no sound.

"It is the god's," said my father.

"I will muster my power," said the king. "But may I say a word of greeting to Kallinice, thy daughter?"

"I will greet her for thee," said my father, frowning. "In two days the Carthaginian will be here. Gather thy power, and check him here. The Romans will reward thee for it—by taking thy kingdom," he muttered; but the king heard not the last words.

Iketorix bowed his head, and my father bade him farewell, with head erect and waved hand. Then slowly Iketorix crossed the sward, and mounted the hill, always slowly, and turning as though to see something which he saw not; for Strabo was all that he saw, since the rest went inside the doors. Then my father called Strabo in with us; we sat all, and my father said, "Sit

thou too against thy wall if thou canst. I have beaten thee for laughing. If thou laughest thus, thou wilt presently have no head wherewith to laugh." Then he said to us all, "There is strange news to tell. Three days before, I saw in Massilia the Roman scouts; and close to them rest also the Roman legions. The scouts' news is that the Carthaginians have passed the Iberus, and are marching as for this spot, to cross the river here."

I remember even now the leap which my heart made. I felt as though I were crowned already. Then I remember that Strabo's face grew white, all of it that could; and his chest sank beneath his shoulders. He said, in a doleful, shaking voice, "What luck is this? I remember when at Scodra, Fulvius passed by us, and we lost all, to furnish his legions and feed them, and received not even 'thank you' in return. And thou rememberest it too, I think, Kallistratus; though these boys do not, and laugh therefore."

My father frowned as though he would have smitten some one, and Strabo went on. "And now the Carthaginians come, who are robbers and cut-throats all, black men, and Iberians, having no leader at all, only a boy. Old Fulvius kept some grim order; and we lived at least when he was gone. But here are savages coming



and a barbarian—not even a peasant consul—to lead them. Let us go higher up the river.”

“Peace, Strabo,” said my father. “Thou mayest if thou wilt, but thou wilt go alone.”

“Oh, master,” said Strabo, “and desert you. No, I will not.” He seemed about to weep with some sort of emotion, but what exactly I know not; nor did ever a man know Strabo’s emotions, exactly of what kind they were. “But think, too, of Kallinice.”

“Peace, my good Strabo,” said my father, “and weep not. I know thy weepings.” So Strabo wept not.

“My sons and my daughter,” said my father, “hear me. In Athens, in gone-by days, there was a time in the life of each one of your ancestors when his phratry accepted him, and he became a man. That time has come to you, my sons, and both together receive your manhood, for you will need it; and use it, too, to look for your sister’s profit. Strange times are coming, and what will be for us I know not; nor what will be left in a country when a wild deluge has passed over it. Rome, in Italy, has planted on virgin soil an empire; and for three hundred years each generation of Romans has taken up the work where their fathers left it, and advanced with strength and wisdom. Had such

strength and wisdom been at Athens in past days, we had not been exiles here, but had been kings in the East. I saw these Romans at Scodra; they took from us what was ours. They were rude, but they were strong; and fifty years ago, on the day that I was born, they began to struggle with the Carthaginians, and after losses and eighteen years of war, in ways strange to them, they conquered. I saw, when I was eight years old, at Nicæa, a ship which they had built, great and clumsy, with a crane upon it. That very ship had clawed, with the help of that very crane, *Thammuz*, the Carthaginian admiral's galley, the best ship in the world since the waves washed the *Paralus* to pieces in her last port. Now war comes again. The great Hamilcar has made a great state in Spain. Ay, Kallistratus, I see the light in thine eye. Thou lovest not to hear men praised." I flushed in my face, and I heard Strabo's laugh. Strabo laughed at everything; and whether another was near to hear him or not, he cared nothing, but would spend a day in chuckling even when alone, nor ever needed to tell to another what that was that amused him. "Hamilcar was a great man, and had he lived, who can say what would have been? But he is dead, and his nephew is dead, and now his son rules in his place, and, like a hot-headed youth, he is

marching on Rome. He is but three days' march from this place, and here he crosses the river, if he cross it ever. So much I know. I saw at Massilia the camp of the Roman legions; square and soldier-like it lay, as a camp should be, above the blue harbour. And while I watched at the northern gate to see Scipio the consul enter with his captains and his two boys near him, a scout riding a spurred horse rode round the head of the harbour; he dismounted and spoke with Scipio. At first Scipio's face was eager and pale, then perplexed. 'Soldiers, to quarters!' he cried. 'Centurions, to the prætorium!' In the prætorium they stayed for a time in council; then there rode out from the camp two hundred light-horsemen, and paraded before the prætorium gate. I rode here with what speed I could. Heard ye aught of the horsemen? Soon they may be here."

Naught had we heard; but my mind was fluttered. I said, "Were they a gallant company?" half fearing to hear them praised.

"Ay, boy," said my father, while Strabo laughed again. "But Xanthus the Tyrian said, as he paid me for last year's wine, nothing to the desert horsemen who ride with Hannibal. They say in Massilia that never have been seen on earth, not in Alexander's host, not among the

hippeis of our own land, horsemen like these. Without bridle they ride; they are man and horse in one."

I longed for a horse, to grow like them; and Strabo said, "Press thy knees upon thy stool, and thus they will learn to clip a steed."

I would have answered him, but I stood up, hearing something, and cried, "They are here. I hear a horse's tread!"

Every one was still, and listened. Then hearing nothing, they were about to speak again; but I went to the great door of the courtyard, laughing now at the frightened face of Strabo. There, near the end of the path, and just setting his foot on the green sward, I saw a man approach, and I called to my father, "My father, a man comes."

## CHAPTER III

### THE PEDLAR

IN a moment they were all at the door excepting Strabo, and saw the man. He was a pedlar, carrying a pack upon his back; the setting sun threw his shadow across the grass, to our feet. There was coarse thick red hair under his woollen cap; his frame was slight for a pedlar's, and bent beneath the weight of his pack. His clothing was rough, and his shoes heavy. When he was within ten yards of us, he laid his pack down, and stood with lowered head, and frame still bent, as though he feared us.

"Speak to him, Strabo," said my father, watching him carefully; "I go to prepare. Come with me, my daughter."

Strabo advanced towards the pedlar, as many a time he had advanced towards those who came to consult the god, and said, "What wouldst thou?"

I remember well—have I not cause to remember?—how the man's voice shook as he said,

in broken Greek, "I would know which side win. Can god tell?"

Then Strabo, partly doing as my father had bidden him, but partly also for himself, and to have profit and matter to amuse himself, said, throwing up his eyes, "Yea, verily, that and all beside, if thou wilt make him thy friend;" and looking at the pack, he seemed to think of himself and the god as one. "Dost thou need aught beside?"

"I ask," said the pedlar, "where to go. Can cross river here? deep? bridge? people? Do they love Rome? Will they fight Carthaginian? Do they love Spanish wares? I Corsican. I ask in Massilia; they laugh, and would rob me. Justice goes when war comes. Will you buy? I have charms of Corsican god, else I had died."

He paused in his frightened scraps of speech, and stood with his hand upon his breast. I saw Strabo look at him, and swell with the pride of a superior bravery. He said, in a very lofty manner, "The servants of the god do not buy, but they love Spanish wares; and the god loves those who are good to them. It will pay thee, pedlar, to make the servants of the god happy."

"Take, take," said the man.

And Strabo chose him two gay handkerchiefs and a knife, saying, "May the god send me more pedlars; I have throve by this one."

He then went into the shrine, and presently my father called the pedlar, and he, with stooping head and bent knees, went into the shrine, and we two boys behind, and heard my sister cry from the tripod :

“Wolves and panthers fight ; keep stags then away from the battle :

War and trade are apart ; then goods are got without paying.”

The pedlar made his offering. It was a white Spanish robe ; in the corner there was a scroll of embroidery in Tyrian blue, and a shape as of the letter S, made twice. When the ceremony was finished, he lingered in the enclosure, and my father and sister and Strabo came out from the shrine.

Then said my father, “How say you, pedlar ? Understood you the god’s word ?”

“Ay, truly,” said the pedlar, “and a true god is he. In war goods got without paying.” He looked at Strabo, who looked at the heaven. “But talk more. Know Hannibal ?”

“I know naught of him, but that he is nearly a boy ; and this is not a time for boys, nor the Romans the nation, nor the Alps the place.”

The pedlar bent his head, and his cheek flushed. Then he said, “Gauls here ! Count them ?”

“I know,” said my father, “that on the second

day from this will be an army on that bank, to bar the stream; and more yet on the third day. And on this night two hundred Roman horse will patrol this place; and, more, within six days the Roman legions will be here."

"Six days," said the pedlar. "Know surely?"

"Ay," said my father, "and I think that within eight days the Carthaginians will be moving to the Pyrenees again, those that live, and thou mayest sell thy wares in peace."

"Cannot pass stream?" said the pedlar.

"If they swim," said my father.

"Boats?" said the pedlar.

"The Gauls have some; the rest grow still in the forest, or are on the cattle's backs."

There was more talk like this; and heedful was the pedlar of all my father said, always looking at his pack, and yet as though he thought of many things besides merchandise. Then he stood quietly with his eyes fixed on the ground. Then suddenly he raised his head; his frame seemed extraordinarily alert and vivid; and I can remember even yet—ah me, my ears! my eyes! now I cannot see the spear that is in Athene's hand, nor hear Euphorion's song—but I remember even now the pain I felt then, that he heard the sound before I heard it.

"The Roman horse," he said, "here now!"



We listened, and presently the tramp of horses was heard quite plainly. It was a gallant sight to see how the squadron rode down the path in file, and stirring it was to hear the horses' tramp, and the jingling of the arms and bridles. At its head rode the decurio, with a Gaul by his side for a guide, and his sword drawn in his right hand. At his left rode an optio. I had heard my father tell the order in which the Roman horsemen ride, and though I had never seen Roman horse before, often have I seen them since. Behind the Romans, in a mass, which made the Roman order seem more orderly, rode some Gallic horsemen, fifty or sixty in number. When the decurio came on to the turf, he rode aside, and the horsemen formed into a body ten deep, obeying readily the commands which he gave them in a harsh strong voice. Their bucklers were on their left arms, their breastplates glimmered sombre in the twilight; in their hands they carried each a spear, with a point at either end. All this I noted well, and remember now, and how the pedlar watched, with bent head, from beneath his eyebrows. When the formation was complete the decurio seemed to deign to notice us, and rode towards us, as we stood before the gate of the courtyard. My father, whom I never saw lower his head before a mortal man,

said in a calm voice, "What wouldst thou, Cornelius the Roman, with Kallistratus the Greek?"

"Thou knowest me," said the Roman, somewhat fiercely, at my father's tone. "But no matter. Hast thou seen aught of the Carthaginians? I look for them. Their scouts are on the river bank; one have we caught; hast thou seen none?"

His tone was sharp, and made me angry. Then, I remember, did Strabo move a step or two backwards, but the pedlar lifted his pack on to his back, and seemed oppressed by its weight as before. Yet he raised his eyes, and bent them with a keen gaze upon the decurio and his squadron. I thought it was the first time he had seen Roman horse, and so indeed it was. My father answered Cornelius. "I saw the man you killed. It had been wiser, perchance, not to kill him; a dead man gives no news."

The Roman frowned again, and said fiercely (for my father had power to anger him, though he had no power of any kind upon my father), "Keep to thy trade, oracle seller, or I will kill thee too."

Then the pedlar moved himself forward, and falling on his knees, with his head bent, said in Latin, broken like his Greek, "Saw Punic scout yesterday."

"Who art thou? What said he?" said the Roman sternly.

"Corsican pedlar," said the other; and I remember how he seemed to tremble, and his voice to be broken in fear. "Say to me Pœni here in seven days. Wait for supply; there!" He pointed to the south-west.

The decurio beckoned one of the officers and conferred with him; then said he, "So, pedlar, be it. What hast thou there in thy pack?"

The pedlar threw himself on the ground; his voice seemed to stick in his throat. "Wares," he said. "Nothing for soldiers."

He lifted up his hands in entreaty.

"We will see," said the other. "Spread thy pack upon the ground."

Trembling, the pedlar obeyed; and on the grass were spread trinkets and gear.

"Ride forward, Gallus and Capito, who took the Carthaginian, and choose what you will."

Two troopers rode forward, and each took a handful of what pleased him, laughing the while.

"Hand me that scarf," said the decurio; "it pleases me." The scarf was white, and like the one which the pedlar had offered in the shrine.

"Whence gottest thou this?" he said, frowning, as he looked at it. "What is this broidering here? 'Tis from Saguntum!" he cried.

"Come through Spain," said the pedlar, almost screaming with fear. "Bought in Punic army."

"Then," said the decurio, white with anger, "thou boughtest what was not theirs to sell. 'Tis from Saguntum. Take his pack and share it. Silence, hound, I say, or thank me for thy life. And if thou wilt, go back to those robbers who sold thee this, and say to them that the Romans bid them hide themselves with their boy leader behind the Pyrenees again, lest that befall them which has befallen thee, and worse beyond. And thou priest, learn all thou canst, and I will reward thee. We ride south again; in six days the Romans will be here. Into column! Quick form! About! Advance!"

In two minutes they had disappeared into the gathering darkness.

"Be comforted, pedlar!" said my father kindly. And my sister went to him, and lifted him from the ground where he lay, saying to him, "It is cruel." My sister never bore lightly the sight of another's pain.

The pedlar rose at her touch, and bowed to her, and said, "So ever with Romans! My wares are but Corsica and Sardinia, and yon decurio is a statesman in Roman way, and can rob the weak and find a reason for it."

"Thou seemest more angry than downcast," said my father; "and why wearest thou another's hair? Art thou a pedlar?"

"Art thou a priest?" said the pedlar, speaking in Greek, and more fluently than before. "Not if a priest's heart should be at the altar. But thou art a man, and I know of thy nation and of thee also. I will be kind to thee, and to this maid here." He took her hand and kissed it, bearing himself like a king; but my sister turned pale. "Leave this place to-morrow, and take this maid with thee, and return not for"—he seemed to reckon—"four days. But," and he smiled strangely, so that I almost shuddered, "if thy trade be among Gauls, and they defend the bank, thou wilt lack custom for a while. Nay, lady, shrink not; war is war, and must be waged as war will."

My father looked at him, at first with haughty amazement; then he said, smiling sternly, "I thank thee, pedlar, or what thou art; but I can mind my own head."

"And thy daughter's?" said the pedlar, bending himself with a grand courtesy. "Not for women will this place be when to-morrow's sun sets. And now, farewell. I thank thee for thy thoughts to me, beautiful lady." He bowed to us, and turned with a smile to Strabo, and said,

"And farewell, friend Strabo. Thou hast given me a lesson in robbery by religion, and I thank thee."

In a minute he was gone from our sight. We turned and looked at Strabo, who was gasping. When he found his voice, he said, "I had paid him the price, had he asked me. But let us go up the river farther."

"And wherefore?" said my father. "Thou art not wont to love travel, or wild living."

"I love my head," said Strabo; "and by yon man's talk, I am like to lose it here. This is no place for women, or for me."

"We move us not," said my father. "But stranger pedlar have I not seen. I did not think there had been a man alive could move me so."

## CHAPTER IV

### THE PASSAGE OF THE RHONE

It is impossible for me to forget any part of that which happened during the next three days. I would forget many things that I have done in my life; but I cannot. These days I do not desire to forget. They gave me my first sight of war. As soon as the night's short sleep was finished we were all stirring, removing and hiding all that we could, placing the most valuable of our possessions in the shrine itself, in Strabo's chamber there. On the farther bank at mid-day we saw the white tent of Iketorix pitched, about two hundred paces from the river, with two spears planted before it, and a red pennon above it. The Gauls began at once to muster round it; from all sides beyond the river they came, till at evening time they seemed to cover the plain. Still on our side all remained as it was. When darkness was coming on, we all went to the hill which was above our home, and close to the river's bank. It was a crag from

which the whole country round could be seen. The plain on the other side was dotted with, it seemed, a thousand fires; and far to the west we saw a glow in the sky. "It is the after-glow of sunset," my father said, after long looking.

"Nay, my father," said I, "the sunset glow is not there, by one point; 'tis too southerly. Nor is the after-glow of a sunset like that. Harken! what is that?"

Down the stream to the base of the hill whereon we stood, we saw a boat come to the shore quietly. Three Gauls were within it; they came out of it, and moored it to the bank.

"They are on the wrong side," said my father. "Why come they here?"

And then another came, and another. "My father," I cried, "they are for the Carthaginian."

My father called to the men, saying, "You stay here?"

"The boats stay," said they, "and many more beside. The chief that comes has bought them."

"Bought them!" said my father.

"Ay," said they, "and many more beside, for one hundred and thirty furlongs up and down the stream; and paid for them in white Spanish money. They muster here to-night."

For me, my heart whirled with joy. But my



father said, "I am growing old; my heart delights not in battle as once."

"Nor mine," said Strabo. "War is a foul trade. It is cruel, and rogues and cowards thrive in it, while honest men starve and brave men die."

"Take heart then, Strabo," said I, jesting with him for nearly the last time, and having the better of it at last.

Throughout the night, wherein we slept not, the boats continually arrived, and silently; and of the boatmen some went away and some stayed not far from the place. Before the sun had risen, we saw a cloud of dust appear in the sky towards the south-west. We could hear the wild notes of the bugle, and see through the dust the glancing of steel. Then presently the ground shook with the tread of horses; and I saw a stranger sight than I had ever hoped to see. A troop of horse soldiers galloped into our plain. Their leader was at their head. The riders were swarthy and strange; their eyes and teeth glistened. Each was armed with a short crooked sword and a shield of thick hide. No bridles had they, nor saddles, but seemed one with their horses. A lion's skin was flung on the shoulder of each. The Roman horse had seemed perfect beside the Gauls; but they would have seemed

clumsy beside these; the Roman speed slowness, and the Roman order disorder. I can see these horsemen now in my fancy, as I saw them then and many a hundred times after; a perfect troop of light cavalry, the best the world has ever seen. I longed to ride among them, to ride at their head, to lead them. My heart stood still as I looked. Then the leader of them (it was Mutines, as I knew after, the fiercest soldier in the fierce company, who, mounted, was more like a hawk in act and heart than a man) rode to my father and said—

“Thou speakest in the Phœnician tongue; hear then: my lord hath sent me; we camp in this place, and guard thy home.”

“Thy lord?” said my father.

“My lord,” said Mutines, “and thine—Hannibal!”

He turned and gave orders to his troop; and we stood and watched.

Then company after company came up, and took their places on the bank of the river. Those nearest to us, beyond the Numidians, wore white linen coats, soiled by their march; but for themselves, they were not fatigued. As far as we could see, the bank of the river was lined with soldiers, and all was in order. They came, each to his position, the pickets were set, and entrench-

ments dug, as I have heard my father say that great Pyrrhus was wont to form them, the great Epirot captain. Boat after boat came to the bank, both up and down the stream; and continually also the Gauls on the other side came to the brink of the river and shook their spears, screaming. On our side all was quiet, though 84,000 men had turned the solitude into a packed hive of men. Presently I saw for the first time the monstrous creatures which sometimes men use for war, and use sometimes to their own ruin—the elephants. I saw and feared them not. Before the sun was high, provisions began to arrive, brought by natives into the camp, who moved fearlessly and without harm among the soldiers. Then when the sun was high, there was a stir throughout all the camp. Each man seemed expectant, from the common soldier to the general, from the boy to the veteran. Mutines took his gaze from his men, and seemed to lose some of his fierceness and place it at the disposal of another. A sound of horse hoofs was heard, and at a gallop into the camp rode a knot of horsemen, with one at their head, Hannibal himself. Each man stood up unordered, and all the camp broke into a wild cheer as, without drawing bridle, with head erect and smiling face, Hannibal rode throughout

the lines, towards the river. Without a guide or pause, at full speed he galloped up the hill from whence all could be seen; and first he looked up and then down the stream, and then he fixed a keen gaze upon the other bank, and the Gauls there. Presently he turned to him who rode nearest, and said something of which presently all the army knew: "It is not an army; it is but a rabble."

At this the whole army took heart, and thought no more of the swift stream.

"Can they pass, my father?" said I.

"Wait," said my father. "Here is more than I had in my mind, or any other."

Just then the Gauls retired a little from the bank, and ceased their screaming. Hannibal sat still on his horse upon the hill, erect and watching. I cannot tell how it was that he sat so still and yet seemed so ready; as though his power were on both sides of the river, and his knowledge everywhere. After watching he turned suddenly like lightning to one behind him, who rode in haste down the hill. Presently from our house we could see a movement on the other side, and a body of men approaching the river bank carrying bows. They took up a position on the bank, but before even one flight of arrows was shot, six hundred shafts flew from our side, and the Gallic

archers broke and fled. Then the whole mass of Gauls retired a space from the bank, only watching until the boats should be manned.

“Well shot, my archers!” cried Hannibal. Each archer’s face was turned to him with delight. I felt then that which I felt again and again in that long distant time, yet only with regard to this one man. My whole heart went forth to him, and I had gladly died, had he bidden me die. “Something for him,” I said; “anything for him.” I know the feeling even now as I write, old as I am. I am not myself when I think of him, or write of him. And now as I write, I cry to him, “O great shade, hear me! and know that Kallistratus doth repent!” Sometimes again I am myself, and would do again all that I did. A strange something is man—stranger even than woman; and they, man and woman, stranger than all the wonders of this earth, past, present, or to be.

And now came another wonderful thing. Hannibal left the hill, and rode down through the Numidians straight to the place where we stood. My father was still, and the rest of us; but I went towards him, and choking, said, “I know you, sir.” And I knew him, knew him for the pedlar of two days before. My father and all knew him now, and Strabo tottered for fear;

Kallinice turned red and pale by turns. He dismounted from his horse, and greeted my father; and then turned to my sister, and said, "Sweet maiden, this is no place for thee." Her face grew pale again at his gentle strong tone, and as she knew of his solicitude for her. He stood still, and only looked on her; and it had been strange had he not looked on her, for beauty has a power of its own, beside that of kings and captains; and never on this earth, in marble or in flesh, was there a face or a form of greater beauty than hers. At last he spoke again—

"Thou art the goddess in the camp. And yet thou shouldst leave it. I pray you, sir, accept an escort to where you will."

"Chief," said my father, "this is our home, and we cannot leave it for the south without meeting those to whom a Punic escort would introduce us badly; and north, east, and west, the country and the men are worse than aught we shall see here, though we see blood and wreck. Rather let us stay here and rest in our home."

"Stay then," said Hannibal, "and may Melcarth desert me if harm come to you or her."

My father bowed, and looked slowly from him to her. He said, "How long stay you here?"

The chief laughed, and said, "Nay, but thou must wait and see. But before I go I will visit

thee again; and perchance the maid will say a prayer to her god for the boy Carthaginian, and his soldiers, and his venture."

He turned him, and was gone. Then my sister seemed like one in a dream, and turned towards the shrine. Kallicles, my brother, followed her downcast, and Strabo was for coming too. When she reached the door she saw him, and said with anger, "Begone." Then in a softer tone she added, "The god I pray to now needs not thee, nor thy thunder, poor Strabo."

"Poor Strabo I am," quoth Strabo. "But I pray, let me too enter into thy prayer."

My sister stamped on the ground, and he shrank before her. But he said—

"I would stand now, if ever, well with the gods, like the Carthaginian. If the gods befriend me not now, they shall repent it; for Strabo will never do them service more, or rattle tin for them again."

On that same day we stood near to the gateway, and we watched the chief ride up and down among the soldiers, greeting them, and seeing to their comfort. My brother cried suddenly, "There is Iketorix." It was seldom that he saw what there was to see, before I saw it; but he was turned to the river then, and I was watching Hannibal. We saw Iketorix come, with his head half a span above

all others, down to the river's bank; there he called aloud. All watched him, and Hannibal stopped in his riding. The followers of Iketorix fell back, and, with spear in hand, the king stood alone. He lifted his spear, and parted his feet, as if for a cast. Thrice round his head he brandished his spear, and hurled it. It was a noble cast, and the spear, though it did not clear the stream, yet fell into the boat tethered nearest to the shore. Men quickly went to the boat, and brought the spear to Hannibal; for on it there was a paper tied. He opened the paper and read, and then came with it to my father. Thus the letter was written:—

“False Carthaginian, I defy thee; and if thou hurtest hair of those within the precinct, I will cross to-morrow and chase thee away from the land.  
IKETORIX.”

Hannibal turned then to my sister and said, “He hath learnt the Roman's title for me, and hath the Roman thought. But he who would protect thee thus is a gallant man, and casts a spear to purpose.”

My sister's face burned, and she said, “He shall not protect me; protection need I none; and his, neither before, nor now, nor ever!”

Hannibal looked at her and smiled, and seemed



about to address her. But then—I remember it well—his eyes fell upon a thin blue cloud that rose from the skirts of the Ventian forest six good miles away. He set spurs to his horse, and galloped up the rising ground to the hill-top. There he stayed for a while, gazing like a hawk, northward, and towards the west. Then he gave a command, and the command went through the army; but so ordered was everything that there was little movement. The archers fell back, and those nearest to the banks went to the boats, and behind them others, until at leisure they all were filled, and 10,000 men were manning the boats, and ready to cross. Soon Hannibal left the hill and leaped into a boat, and “Row! row!” he cried. “Hurl your javelins! and you, archers, shoot high overhead across the stream!”

Each man was in his place. The archers shot flights of arrows ceaselessly on the Gauls, who crowded to the bank, but were confused and shouting wildly, and each in the other's way. On our side all was quiet at first, and then a roar arose as the boats were quickly paddled across the stream. On the other side the bank was shelving, and as each boat neared the shore, each man within it hurled javelins, of which each had six. Hannibal himself leaped ashore the first; and, for a minute, the conflict was fierce on the

bank; when, suddenly, a loud and terrible cry arose behind, of 6000 men shouting with one voice. The Gauls looked round, and saw behind them their camp in flames. They turned, and met behind them another enemy, and at once all was finished, and the Gallic army melted away, never to return, leaving many dead behind them. The troops crossed at their leisure, and before nightfall the whole army was on the other side, and the Rhone was passed. My soul was filled with exultation, and the same wild desire to throw myself at Hannibal's feet, and win something, and be praised by him. I write of this because I cannot help writing of it, foolish though it is; and to think of it, though it pains me when the thought first comes to me, yet presently pleases me, and makes my heart young and fresh again.

In those three days the chief came again and again to see us; and always I followed him, as a dog follows his master. But chiefly he spoke with Kallinice my sister, though sometimes with my father. And now comes a matter in my life which was the most fearful that I have ever known, fearful even in that wild time, and fearful even to those wild men, fearful to me even in these last days of my life. We had crossed, all of us, my father, brother, sister, and I, and

Strabo, to bid farewell to Hannibal, and see the last of the army before the tents were struck and it marched onward. In what direction it would march, we knew not; no one knew, save Hannibal himself. Then, as always, there was no knowledge of what would be, in his camp. Thirty furlongs or more below the camp there was a Gallic village, and there had we also been, to see if any remained of the Gauls whom we had known, who lived there. We found it empty, and had begun to return, when we heard the sound of galloping horses, and a squadron of Numidians rode by us with the speed of the wind. We walked fast in their track, and, before we had gone half a furlong, we heard a sound of heavier horse hoofs, and a Roman squadron came on at full gallop. At their head rode Cornelius, the decurio whom we had seen five nights before. He saw my father, and cried—

“The Greek, who shelters spies! Die then!”

He drew back his sword, and thrust; my father fell backward, and in a moment he was dead. We three knelt around him, and my sister tried to stop the blood that came from his wounded throat. We hardly heard the noise made by horsemen riding round us, nor knew that the Romans had retired before the

Numidians, who had returned in force, and were riding to bury their dead. Kallicles held my father's head, and knelt beside him, and called him "father"; but he was dead. Strabo stood near, and covered his face with his hands. Then my sister bent, and kissed my father's face; and I kissed him, and Kallicles also kissed him. Then Strabo came nearer, and stood and looked at us. Kallicles divined his purpose, and made way for him. He knelt down and kissed my father's face. We looked then each on the other, and saw an older face than we knew. Looking up, we saw the Numidians on their horses, not far away, and Hannibal among them. He rode near to us, and called my sister by her name—"Kallinice!" When she heard his voice, she looked up like a dreamer, and turned her white sad face towards him, but still she clung to my father's arm and neck. He dismounted from his horse and took her hand, calling at the same time men from the troop. They dug a grave near, and two Numidians and my brother and I lifted my father to place him within it, my sister holding his hand. Strabo came near, and pushed one of the Numidians away, and himself took the place. No one spoke at the strange funeral; but when the grave was filled, Hannibal said—

"I must leave thee, lady; but if thy brother"—as

he spoke he looked at me—"will march with me, I will treat him as a gift for thy sake, and show him the best that a soldier can. Decide not now; but let him, if he will come, be at my tent at sunrise. And now, gentle lady, fare thee well; and forget not Hannibal the Carthaginian, who will remember thee. Something thou wilt hear of him again, it may be; but whatever happen, keep this for his sake." He gave her the dagger that hung at his side, and kissed her hand; the troop faced about and rode away, and he with them; but at the edge of the plain he turned and waved his hand, and the troop halted, faced about, and saluted with their swords.

We four crossed the stream again and held council in the shrine. Kallinice at first held her peace; but when I said that I wished to go with Hannibal, and asked her what she counselled, she said—

"I would that thou shouldst go. And then when shall we meet again, we three, we four, and how? Hear me, my brother. To Athens will I go, as soon as may be, and those who stay with me; and thus there, either now, or when life is nearly done, we will meet again. Each day when I am in Athens I will go, one hour before the sun sets, to the Maiden's temple, and wait awhile beneath the pillars of the north side; and there

at last I will meet thee, my brother ; and let thy heart also turn thither as to a home, because there waits one who will yearn for thee. In thy life I shall not ever again soothe thy pain, or bring thee food, as before ; but all the more shall my heart be full of thee. I will pray for thee to that which lies behind the priest's dress, and the stool of the oracle ; and forget not thou thy sister. And look to it for thyself, as I too will for myself, that when thou comest thou mayest hold thy head high and erect, as one who does not know shame. So farewell, my brother, my brother !”

Thus in the dim twilight of the morning, before the sun lifted himself above the Voconian hill, I, having kissed my sister and my brother, and shaken Strabo by both hands, stood before the tent of Hannibal.

## CHAPTER V

### TOWARDS ROME

I SHALL leave my own story now, telling that which befell my brother, and sister, and Strabo. In telling it I shall not very far leave myself, for their doings bore on mine, and what they saw touched me nearly.

My father had seen the Roman legions and the allies, 25,000 strong, at Massilia. He had seen the horsemen sent forth to reconnoitre, but the army remained behind; and I know what was the talk in the camp, for my brother heard of it afterwards, and told me of it. That which is written here is often now of my brother's writing—his very words. With the Consul, when he brought his two legions to Massilia on their way to Spain, were two boys, his sons; near of the same age as my brother and myself. Had I been born a Roman consul's son, I had gone far, perhaps even as far as the younger of these two boys. They two made their father proud; it was his delight to exercise them in warlike exercises.

They took their place on the march with the common soldiers ; and he taught them the manner of waging war, and also how brave men should bear themselves in battle. The Consul was in Rome a man high and haughty ; but there was this about him, that in the camp he was separated by no luxury from his soldiers. He found his place ready for him when he was born, and he took it, as a leader in a great state. The Commons did not grudge him his power, nor his house, nor his riches, for when danger came he took it freely ; and he was a leader with a high heart—not as the peers of Carthage, who govern a state and, leave to others to defend it with their bodies.

On the first day that the Consul came to Massilia, and anchored his galleys in its safe harbour, he heard that Hannibal had crossed the Iberus, and perhaps the Pyrenees. Therefore he sent the horse to scout throughout the district, and therefore we saw them for the first time. They kept near the river bank, for so he bade them, lest they be lost, and that they might arrange for the defence of the river's passage.

When the ships first came to anchor in the harbour and beyond, in the roadstead—for they were too many for the harbour itself—the Consul, and the two boys, and the staff stood to watch



the squadron of scouts leave the camp. As they left, the townsmen shouted, because of the beautiful sight; but the younger boy said, in the hearing of them all, "My father, we stay here, where the Carthaginians are not?"

"Yes," said the Consul, "for wariness is useful in war. Therefore have I sent the horse. And when they return within four days, we shall know what to do, and where it is best to go."

The legates wondered that the Consul allowed to the boy such liberty of talking; it was perhaps because he was proud of his son's discernment, and yet would direct it; not expecting that all would turn out the other way, and he himself receive a lesson.

"But, father," said the boy, "should we not go also? The Carthaginian will not choose a place near the sea to cross the river, where the mouths are many, but where it is one stream."

Not yet did his father frown. He said, "Yes, Publius; but first we must find out where he is, and not march, without knowledge, with an army into this wild space. The soldiers also are storm-tossed, and will fight better for resting. Mark thou these things, that thou mayest know how to do when thou leadest men."

"But, father——" said the boy.

Then his father frowned, and said, "Peace, boy."

I have told thee. Think on it, and when thou hast thought, then at length question."

"I have thought," said the boy eagerly. "He has passed the Iberus, and perhaps the Pyrenees. The soldiers are ready now. Were we fifty miles up the stream, above the place where the mouths divide, we could send some horse up stream and some down, and receive a report in half the time. And there the soldiers would rest, with no great march to make before fighting."

"There is a proverb, 'By what the quicker by that the slower,'" said his father roughly. "Thou art not yet Consul. Thou art answered."

The boy flushed and held his peace. Some, and those chiefly the officers, thought him pert; but some marked him well.

On the fifth day, when the sun was setting, some of the horsemen came back into the camp, riding hard, with spent horses; and quickly they rode to the prætorium with their news that the enemy had crossed the Rhone. Then the Roman army marched quickly through the night, and with all speed reached the place where Hannibal's camp had been, and our home. As the Consul looked at the camp, he wondered at its even lines, and said that the place was well chosen for the crossing, both because of the stream itself and also the ground on either side. He said, too,

"This man hath something of cunning about him ;" yet he doubted not of his own skill. Beside all else that he saw, he saw, too, my brother and sister and Strabo. They were brought before him as he was seated in his tent. Strong soldiers stood behind him, and the legates sat around him ; his younger son, too, was there. The Consul looked at the three with bent brows, and said, " Who are ye ? "

Then Strabo said, bowing very low (it was always easy to Strabo to bow, though he did it not very well), " We are Greeks, so please you, sir."

"Greeks !" said the Consul, with no compliment in his voice. " Tell me, if ye can, of this army, and of him who leads it. Have ye seen it and him ? "

Then said Strabo, while my brother was silent, both because he was never forward and because of the Consul's tone, " We have, and I will tell all we know."

"What of him ? He is young ?"

"Very young, if it please you," said Strabo. "Quite a boy, quite unequal to fight with a great soldier of experience and bravery. Therefore hath he hurried him, and fled away before you."

The Consul's brow became a little less grim. I have often wondered that men in high place can be so foolish as they are. He said, " Were his troops orderly ? "

"Most disorderly," said Strabo. "Poor black

and white creatures, who cared for him no more than I care for a Gaul. A horde of plunderers."

Then said my brother, "Peace, Strabo; thou art lying. Sir Roman, their general is a great man. He robs none, and is rude to none, but is courteous even to Greeks. In his camp there is one man alone while he is there, and that is he."

As my brother spoke the Consul was not angry; at least he showed no sign of anger. He said to one of the soldiers, "Beat the slave who lied, and keep these three persons as prisoners. How say you, gentlemen? Shall we follow this rabble?"

"Follow," said each legate.

"My father, no," said the boy Publius. "He marches through difficult places; why should we? Nay, rather let us go to Italy by sea; to meet him when he is worn with travel, and crush him as soon as he sets foot on our own land."

"Spain is my province," said the Consul.

"The knee is nearer than the shin," said the boy; he said it in our own language. His father frowned; but my brother bowed towards the boy, and the boy looked at him and then at my sister, and looked at her then again, as all men did who saw her, and then he blushed.

His father said, "I cannot lead my army again into Italy without a deed. Men will mock me,

saying, 'I came—I returned; and the Carthaginians passed the Rhone, and the Gauls withstood them, and I heard of it only.' I will send my legions to Spain, where is work for them to do. But still I will go to Italy myself."

The boy said, "Fill Italy with soldiers." He rose from his seat, his face flushed, and his voice sounded like a trumpet. "Here is a man against whom Rome will need all her soldiers; it is not good to divide armies, but to unite them."

"Italy is full of soldiers," said the Consul; he and all the rest looked at the boy. "And we cannot desert our friends in Spain."

"If Italy is ours," said the boy, "we can conquer Spain."

"If Italy is ours!" said his father, looking at him as if he had spoken blasphemy. "Thou wanton boy!"

"My father," said Publius, "Saguntum has fallen, though the Carthaginian had but a poor siege train. He cannot truly carry a siege train to Italy; but his country will make one for him, and send him there all he needs, right to the Tiber's mouth. They will not leave him forsaken in Italy, that much is certain. All Carthage will pour to help him; and he is no common enemy, even only with what he has. It is a march of twelve weeks from New Carthage to the Rhone,

and this man has carried 70,000 troops there in seven. While we look for him he has passed the river; and passed it, though the Gauls were collected to prevent him. The people through whose land he has marched respect him. He is marching now even into the heavens. Where hardly a man's foot has trodden he takes Africans, elephants, horses, and an army. This is not a soldier like those that the city has known before."

My brother said that as Publius spoke he felt his soul rapt; my sister stirred, and the blood rushed to her face. The legates and the Consul were motionless for a short space when Publius had ceased speaking. Then the Consul said, "Peace, boy; thou art too long and loud for thy years. These are Carthaginians, and cannot meet us by land. One legion is too strong for 20,000 Africans. As to the Numidians, they are swift but unsteady always, and cannot bear the winter. The Spaniards are barbarians. Yet I will go to Italy, and I will show thee how, with the 20,000 soldiers that Manlius and Atilius have, we will beat this boy, and none of his men shall see their rocks and their sands again." Then he remembered my brother and sister, and said, "Take away the Greeks, and keep them with the army, prisoners. Their knowledge will help us."

So down the river went my brother and sister

and Strabo, and I had gone on with Hannibal; so strange a thing is life, and so strange a havoc and a parting had five days made for us.

In those times was Strabo a happy man. At first he had suffered a beating for lying, but that beating did not cure him. He became a man of much mark among all the soldiers. Those who heard him, and they were all in the camp, learnt as broad facts that he had engaged with Hannibal in single combat, and had nearly with his single arm prevented the passage of the river. Moreover, that he had shown to Iketorix a way to defend it, which in so far as Iketorix followed, he had been a happy man. He told all this with detail of time, and place, and circumstance, furnished in plenty according to the demand. The higher officers did not believe him; but the bottom of truth that there was in his stories—namely, that he had actually seen Hannibal and spoken with him, and seen the Carthaginians make the passage of the river—brought him importance with them also. Thus all listened to him. But there was little merriment at anything which he said; though there was much that might have moved laughter in it. The Romans hardly laugh at talk. That which is, is to them; and they do not desire to see it played upon, or for men to speak beside it. If a man so speaks, at first they wonder; then

they despise him. They speak their word straightly themselves, though at a pinch they do not keep it.

At Massilia there was a waiting of seven days, while the preparations for the two voyages were being made. In that time did Publius Scipio come often to the place where my brother and sister lay. He loved soldiering, but yet he loved not the company of Roman soldiers, or he loved many things besides; and those things my brother loved also, and my sister too. What youth, too, is there who does not desire to be with a maiden such as my sister was? Publius had a knightly heart; and so also he was with his equals when he was with my kindred. He loved not only the present time, like his nation, but the past also, and the future also; and thus he learnt, and dreamed, and brought heaven upon earth in his dreams. And my brother, crooked and halt though he was, yet could tell him many things, and spoke to him of the glories of our nation, and of those who had led us in war and peace. And of the poets and wise men also he spoke—of Euripides, and of Socrates, and the rest. Sweetly could my brother talk, and Publius' heart was on fire when he listened. He loved to hear, and yet he loved more to hear when my sister also was in his company. It was strange if any one could look



unmoved on such a face and form as Scipio's; and yet Kallinice so looked. She looked on him even as a statue looks on him who gazes at it, and he gazed at her as one who sees a statue; and that which was afoot Strabo noted, though the talk generally he noted not.

"So thus," said Publius slowly, "thou hast told me that he argued, and believed that the soul lived when the body died; and thus he proved it. And then he died—died as a man should, facing death without a tremor. It is fine to contemplate. And yet methinks it had been finer had he faced death not believing the proof; for if he believed his proof, he was but exchanging something evil for something good, and his proof helped men, but lowered him."

Then said Kallinice, "It may be so, but at least he feared not. His heart beat never faster nor slower, but with the measured beat of courage."

The boy heard her voice, and watched her throat rise and fall, as its music fell on his ear, like one entranced; and then said, "Thou lovest bravery, and each one who sees thee must be brave."

She turned not her eyes away, but looked on Publius without confusion and without pleasure; but he hung upon her lips. Then she spoke

slowly, and more like a dead than a living creature. "Love is not for me. There is a goddess to be my friend, a maiden for ever, Athene Polias; and her I will worship all the days of my life."

"And so will I," said Strabo, who had become very impudent, "in good faith. I know religion as well as any one. And I will make the thunder rattle when I worship, so soon as these wars are done."

Publius wondered, and my brother grew red in shame.

"It is true," he said. "Strabo served in the shrine."

"And never missed my response," said Strabo. "I have seen many a brave man turn pale when my worship began."

"What was thy response," said Publius, "and thy worship?"

"I lay in a hole," said Strabo, "and shook my thunder; and the worshippers shook."

My brother's face became still more red. "The Gauls," he said, "were fierce, and we had been badly treated had we not had some ritual to make them afraid."

Publius was silent for a while, then he said, "'Twere well not done so; for this is but to defile religion. It is a pure thing itself, but men deceive

with it, and thus people believe not. A man has a coloured robe, and plays music, and sacrifices kine, and maybe then he tells the truth, and those who hear are the better ; but the robe and the kine are naught but deceit. But maybe he tells not the truth, and speaks not of good living, but of tales of the gods. And by this he is advantaged, since the gods are real to those who worship, and they offer more to the priests therefore, and the priest is glorified ; but religion is not helped, and the miserable race of men gropes in darkness, and pushes no further towards right conduct."

Kallicles was confused, and answered nothing ; but Kallinice lifted her head, and some colour came into her face, and her eye brightened. It was Publius' thought that never had he seen any one so beautiful ; and indeed he had not. The faces of Roman ladies shine only with these virtues—determination, patriotism, and maternal love ; their faces could not shine like hers, in which appeared the inheritance of seven generations of souls alive. She said—

"Say not so, thou noble Roman. The fear of the gods is the salvation of the human race. The way in which the gods are worshipped is but an incident, an accident, a detail ; each prophet prophesies in words that the people can understand. First he must gather attention, and gather it by

what means he can; and when men will listen, then only can he teach. Do not thy senators wear robes, and thy soldiers marks for valour? Thus it is, when men are caught by what they see and love, that the whole human race is gathered towards the government of self, and the knowledge of God, not gods. So my father taught me; and perhaps hereafter, so he said, the race of men will worship one God, and worship Him not for lucre, nor for honour, nor for fear, but because they know Him, and therefore cannot but worship Him—and this through teachers only.”

Publius said nothing, but his colour came and went. He rose, as though he would move towards his teacher. But to her the thoughts of the last few days came sadly, and she turned her face away. Then he said, “Maiden, be my teacher, and teach me always. For thee I could leave even this soldiering, and be a priest always at thy feet.”

She did not move her head, but Strabo was moving his head and lips, listening closely to that which was now said. Just then the trumpet sounded, and Publius started, saying, “Maiden, I must not stay. Thou wouldst not have me stay?”

“Surely not,” she said.

"Thou canst love a soldier?" he said, making as though he would kiss her hand.

A spasm passed over her face, and she burst into tears. He knew not what passed in her mind, and was perplexed. The trumpet sounded again, and Publius left the tent. Strabo followed him; and when they reached the outside, he struck himself upon the breast in a mysterious manner, and pointed to the tent.

"What meanest thou?" said Scipio.

Strabo answered by the same gesture, more emphatically made than before, and said, "A note addressed to Strabo shall always reach the lady." Publius turned from him without a word and went quickly on his way, and Strabo also went his way, in no whit out of countenance or conceit of himself. My sister and my brother remained within the tent, and my brother spoke of Scipio. Then my sister, with her arms about his neck, spoke of Hannibal; and once for all he knew how that matter stood, and that she loved him as a god. But never more again he heard it, though he wrote this for me at Athens, and also let Strabo play his part in that which was written, though it was not a fine part. For to be aught a story must not be all fine, nor merry, nor sad, but simply like to life; and life is none of these alone, but all together.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE TREBIA

FROM Massilia my brother and sister went across the sea to Pisa in the six galleys that carried the Consul and his following. Each man in the ships had but one fear, that Hannibal might in some way escape the combat with that part of the army in which he himself would be. The Roman legionaries despised the soldiers of Spain and Africa; and they had reason. They themselves were chosen and trained men, inheriting the traditions of an army which had come triumphant out of four hundred years of war, which had left far behind it the reputation of barbaric roughness that it had in the days of our great captain Pyrrhus, and knew itself to be disciplined in all the ways of war. The Spaniards were barbarians, and Carthaginians had often fled before the Roman legions, even when fighting for their own soil. And now these Carthaginians were to be worn and weary when met by the Romans, having passed through months of marching in places of

which men feared even to think. From the Alps they would emerge an exhausted and dispirited and disloyal band, with a leader who was but a boy, of an age far off from the youngest at which a Roman might take upon him the smallest of the great cares of state. But their own leaders were tried and trusted captains who had been familiar with war for as many years as Hannibal had lived. This was the talk in the whole company; and in the two days' halt at Pisa before the Consul went northwards, Strabo heard more, which also I set down. For at a time when he was walking near the tent of Scipio, "not listening," he said, "but the voices of Romans were always loud," this he heard, while the Consul spoke to his son.

"My son," said the Consul, "Davus tells me thou art with the Greek girl and boy we carry with us so far, whenever thou canst be. I would have thee know that I love not the Greeks, either man or woman; and that it befits not a Scipio to speak to them other ways than as to slaves, or to learn their manners or thoughts. Thou must be a Roman, and the best of them, as I show thee the way to be; but the Greeks show it not. What talked ye of?"

"Father, of valour and of duty," said Publius.

"Talk not of it," said the Consul; "but it was ever thus with Greeks—talk!"

"And of God," said the boy.

"What god?" said the Consul; "and what need to talk of them? Was it Jupiter, or Mars, or Hercules? These are Roman gods."

"Nay, father, but of the Queen of Wisdom."

"Publius," said the Consul, "I will have none of it. Let thy wisdom be to measure the camp, order the line of battle. Talked ye not of Venus too?"

"Ay, by Hercules," said Lucius his brother, laughing. "For Publius hath been downcast these four days."

The Consul broke into a loud laugh.

"Father," said the boy, "you scold me for what is not disgraceful; what would be disgraceful, at this you laugh."

"Now, by Hercules, I have no patience with thee, lad," said the Consul; "with thy rhetoric and thy woman's nonsense."

Publius said, "When I am backward in battle, or soft in marching, blame me. And for the maiden, she is not what thou thinkest."

"She!" said the Consul.

The boy's voice faltered. "She is the most beautiful woman in the world," said he.

"Ay, ay," said his father; "love her, my son. Nothing makes a soldier fight like love. She shall be shown to all the camp, that all may love her and fight."



Then said Strabo that he moved away because he felt that they were talking upon private matters, and he was too delicate in disposition to stay longer; but in fact he expected that they were coming out of the tent. Still, for the importance of the matter, he told it to my brother; and, for the importance of it, my brother heard him, and told me of it. But in his tent Publius wrote a letter to my sister, and gave it to her. I believe that it might be a safety to her in Rome, whither she and my brother were now to go. The letter lies before me now, and I set it down here:—

“Publius Scipio Kallinicen Græcam salutat. Quod tu, virgo pulcherruma castissima, in Urbem pergis, bene fit, et di ita vortant. Illic tutius vives quam hic inter prœlia et itinera licitumst. At te di immortales sospitent uti salva sies donicum ipse salvos rediero. Et si quis erit per quem tibi suppetiæ usquam sient, sciat ille, si deus si homo fuerit, ejus rei ergo me habiturum gratiam. Me facito ut memineris. Vivas, valeas!”

My brother and Kallinice and Strabo then went to Rome, and the Consul and his party to Placentia, whither he had gathered all the soldiers that were in Upper Italy. As yet he had heard nothing certain concerning Hannibal. But one evening in October came in Milvor, the Alpine

scout, and brought news of him. He said: "I went up the valley of the Taurini, and beyond it to the place where the valley closes; and far beyond into the very sky, over the giant path I went, and saw on the mountain side an army mounting, with foot and hand. I saw the white-coated Spaniards; I saw the huge elephants. I saw them shrink and drop. I saw the Africans shiver and drop; and the road lined with dead men and horses. I saw the defile, with mountaineers on the mountain tops, who poured stones upon the mass; then I saw the mountaineers fly, dislodged as if by magic, and the army passed still upwards."

"Sayest thou so?" said the Consul. "How dislodged?"

"Because at the time when they were about to roll the most stones, there came a company behind them and scattered them. I saw when a rock barred the soldiers' way; I lay on the ground and watched. The soldiers built a way out into the air, and passed the rock upon it."

"Sayest thou so?" said the Consul again. "By Hercules, these men march well; but marching is not fighting. Sawest thou more? Sawest thou Hannibal?"

"Him I saw. I saw the frozen rise and shout 'Hannibal' when he passed. I saw him stop, while he chafed the frost from their limbs. I

saw him first where the stones fell thickest. I saw him first where the path was most dizzy. From morn till night no rest, no pause; in the front and at the rearguard, pouring courage into men that had none, and speaking comfort to men who were weary, and the sick. Pointing always upwards, 'On, on!' he cried. 'Italy is before us. It is but this one hill, and it is our own.'"

The faces of those who heard Milvor crimsoned with fury. They smote their spears upon the ground. "Insolent barbarian!" they cried.

Therefore the Consul advanced from Placentia, with troops burning to fight; for they thought it shameful that an enemy should be left south of the Alps, and in peace, while they bore arms. All knew also that Sempronius was marching in haste from Sicily; and the Consul and the army wished to fight before he reached them, that none might rob them of their glory, and their dole of spelt, and their triumph. At daybreak, therefore, the army moved in force from Placentia, and up the Ticinus. They crossed its stream, and wished to meet Hannibal. Three days they marched; and on the third day the Consul rode out with his cavalry and outriders. These presently came riding back at a gallop; and what follows, I can myself tell, and need not my brother's hearsay, for I was there to see. Hanni-

bal himself, well knowing what was before him, and ready, was riding in the plain. I rode by his side, for he would have me with him, that I might interpret for him, and also, I think, because he loved me. When the Consul saw his scouts come galloping back, he cried, "Form close order!" And then seeing the Numidians before him, he cried "Charge!" But before the spurs could reach the flanks of the horses, Hannibal himself, and with him I, and all our heavy cavalry, burst upon his centre, which stood firm and strong before our assault. We wheeled to charge a second time; and then the Numidians charged, and I saw the Numidians for the first time in war. They charged, and at this time, when near the line of foemen, they swerved, riding apart to right and left, and passed the enemy's line; then they turned, and formed a second time in the rear. Then they charged again from the rear, like the triremes of Athens in her pride; and so they rode round and round the enemy, or rather they flew, until they confused his ranks, and his line was broken; then we charged again, and then butchery began. The Consul had the desire of his soul, and met Hannibal at last. I saw him urging on his men like a good soldier; but what could he do, or they? He was in the front, and he received a wound in his thigh. He

would have been slain, for he was beginning to swerve in his saddle. I saw him reel, and Mutines close to him ; but a boy, fair-faced, of an age such as mine, leaped to his side, calling back the troop, and saved him. That was his son, they said in the camp that evening ; and his son it was, so my brother told me long years afterwards. But the Roman force was broken. They fled, but again and again they turned to face us, and fought, and then rode away, leaving brave men dead behind. A sore ride they had, until they saw their camp at last ; and the broken, disabled band rode through the ramparts, with down-cast faces and stained armour, and horses panting and with hollow flanks. They say that even then the Consul, sitting in his saddle, though his legs had lost their grip of it, and the blood dripped from his heels, himself dismissed the troops, and went through each movement before he retired with a wan face to his tent.

Therefore the army moved back upon Placentia, the Consul in his litter, wounded, and sick in spirit. He chafed, and said, " Had I been sound, my men had not fled. How can I meet Sempronius ? " Yet it was necessary that he should meet him ; for on the tenth day, when Scipio had moved from Placentia to the hills, for fear of the Numidians, two horsemen came riding into

the camp with tidings. Their tidings were that Sempronius and 25,000 men were only a day's march away. On the next day they marched into the camp, and a cheer of welcome went up from their fellows, who were more downcast than to wish any longer to fight alone. It was a sight—I well believe, as I have heard—a sight to see and remember; how the unconquered legions marched into the camp, the standards in front, the cavalry on the flank, in battle order, with even line and regular tread. None limped, none looked faint; though there was no man among them who had not marched forty days, and in that time passed through Italy from Messina to Placentia. As the two hosts joined in camp, and the bugles blew twice, each Roman felt proud and safe; yet none was so proud and fearless as Sempronius, the leader of them. "I will finish this war at a stroke," said he, his eyes flashing, and filled with the fury of battle and the joy of victory.

"Publius, hail," said he to Publius, who rode out to meet him. "How fares thy father?"

"So sorely that he cannot ride. So he sends you word by me."

Sempronius was overjoyed, because the command therefore was his only. "Greet him from me," he said, "and tell him that I will visit him when I have seen my troops bestowed; and

there presently I will bring to his sick-bed the trophies which his soldiers have won, to cheer him."

"So please you," said Publius, and the train heard him, "the enemy is strong, and caution is necessary."

"Was this thy father's message?" Sempronius said.

"I say it," said the boy.

"Thou art a scholar, they say," said Sempronius, looking scornfully at his pale face. "Keep to thy books. Since when have boys taught consuls at Rome? The battle is ours; the place and time of it is ours."

That which follows now I can tell of my own self. I had ridden back to the camp, wondering about my kindred, and where they were. I felt sick at heart, with that desire which lonely Odysseus felt when he too was away from his kindred. I had suffered hardships like him, and been where he had not been, up even into the skies. But I was not harmed by mountain or barbarian, for the general looked heedfully after me, and I after myself. At last we were in the lower country again, in the upper territories of a tribe called Taurini. Sad and dispirited we were, all save one. We had escaped, a fragment from the mountains, to fall into the hands of

man. The mountains were behind us, but the Romans were before us; and never, I think, was army in a more desperate state, not even my own countrymen, the 11,000 after Cunaxa. Until this time the general had exhorted, and encouraged, and smiled; now he was sterner. "We were there," he said, "and we could not retreat; and thus we were to depend only on ourselves, and on him." He bade the soldiers be brave, and coaxed them no longer. When they still seemed irresolute, one day he drew up the whole army in a hollow square, and showed them a sight such as I think no man ever saw before. Of the captives he picked out 200 men, and in the centre of the hollow square he set them to fight in pairs, telling them and us that the conqueror of each pair received his freedom, the conquered died. When this was done, and a hundred men lay dead, a hundred more stood panting and bloody, but joyous. He went into the square, and saluted the conquerors, and cried to his soldiers thus: "Thus it is with you, my soldiers. For shame, my men! These have fought for freedom, and faced death, and they are barbarians. You are my good men, conquerors in many battles, and you fight for life."

Still the soldiers, though they took heart of necessity, yet showed no cheerfulness, nor were



eager to fight, so great was their fear of Rome. Then came the battle on the Ticinus river; and then many Gauls came in to help us. And then at last we came upon the Romans at the river Trebia. Forty thousand men they were, and we were 26,000. They were encamped in a place of their own choosing, encamped upon a long low hill, with rising ground beyond; and we could see the blue line of the Apennines on the horizon. The sight of the Romans made the soldiers sad again. They had supports behind them, we had none; and we were bound to fight in order to live. We must go forward, and yet how can we cross that stream, and climb that hill, and storm those ramparts wherein are 40,000 of the best soldiers of the world? We watched them through the whole of a day in December, from our camp, which was pitched but two miles from them. On the next morning at dawn we watched them again. Mago with his company had left our army in the night, and his place in the camp was empty. The Roman position was a grim one for us to see. Even Mutines said little, but looked and pondered, and Gisco also; nay, even Maharbal pondered, and gnawed his nether lip.

“They hold a strong position,” said Gisco.

“They are strongly placed,” said Mutines.

As we stood, the trumpet in the Roman camp

sounded, and we heard its note clear through the cold air. Then there was a pause, and then again came the trumpet note clear and full from another part of the camp. We looked at Hannibal. "Yes, gentlemen," he said; "in that camp are two consuls, and 40,000 men; and fine troops too," he added, as we watched them form in battle array before their camp; and perhaps each soldier thought, "My body will lie out on that hill-side, to feed the wolves of the Apennines."

Then said Hannibal, "Come, gentlemen! you look thoughtful, and not eager as men should look upon a day of battle. Behold me, and be as I am. We will give a lesson to these great soldiers, who can beat Carthaginians by looking at them. Never man so rejoiced, either in love or state, as I rejoice, when I see Romans in line before me. Come hither, boy," he said to me. "We still have time to spare. Tell to these gentlemen the story of Marathon."

Blithely did I tell them the story my father taught me, how 15,000 Athenians charged along Marathon into the Persian host, and crushed them, and drove them from Greece. As I played the rhapsodist I saw the eyes of all brighten; their hands gripped their sword-hilts, and they looked with joy at the army across the stream. Maharbal came himself to me, and laid his hand

on my back. I felt glad at that, for all men in the army honoured him. And Hannibal honoured him beyond, I think, all others.

“Ha!” cried Hannibal to the common soldiers who crowded round. “Is not this better than the Alps? Ho! Braetes. Ho! Mensit, my sturdy friend, you shall win glory and riches before the sun goes down. Now for these soldiers, and these generals, whose like is not in the world! What say you, my brave fellows, if I bring them from their heights, and hand them to you a frozen fasting band, to slay as you please?”

He laughed, and turned to Mutines, and to Gisco also, and the rest of his company. Presently then the cavalry rode out, and we could hear the shout the Romans gave. They crossed the stream, and a few companies of infantry behind them. The Numidians charged the Roman horse who came thundering down the hill to attack them; but before the shock came, the Numidians broke and fled, and Mutines fled, and crossed the stream again. Pell-mell across the stream the Roman horse followed them, since they formed on the other side, but quickly broke again, and Mutines rode smiling under the ramparts of the camp. Then Hannibal drew up the heavy cavalry outside the camp, and the infantry also began to take up a position there. Then the Roman legions





**“ He drew his sword, and shouted, ‘ Upon them, my children.’ ”**

marched at speed down the hill, to be a support to the horsemen. Drenched with water were they as they crossed, for the stream was breast-high; but they crossed all, and drew up in order, 35,000 men, on our side of the stream; standing, wet and cold, and fasting, but eager for battle. The wind blew keenly from the north, and sleet fell. Then said Hannibal, "To breakfast now, but let every one have his men ready to move at a moment." He himself stayed on the ramparts, where a jug of milk and some goat's flesh was brought to him. He ate and drank, but all the while he watched the Romans; and if they moved in any part of their line, he noted it before his teeth closed again. So the morning wore away, and still the Romans stood, their numbed hands hardly grasping their swords and shields and javelins, and the wind freezing their limbs and clothing. In our camp the men ate at leisure, and were warm and dry. Then when the morning was passed, and the sun had begun to move down the sky, the general turned to us and said, "It is time."

The troops were formed immediately into line of battle before the camp; he drew his sword, and shouted, "Upon them, my children; they are your own, and their camp and land."

Down the hill the Carthaginian horse and foot

charged on the starved legions; but the battle warmed the blood of the Romans, and for a while they gave no ground. They fought like brave men, and like soldiers, who know their duty and do it. There seemed tears of rage in Maharbal's eyes that they were so steady.

"Let the elephants charge," cried Hannibal.

"Their limbs are numbed; they will not move," said the keepers.

Hannibal still smiled, and said, "No matter. Fight on, my men, for a short while more, and all will be your own."

And in a short while a shouting was heard in the rear of the Roman army, and there was Mago with 6000 picked men, who fell upon them behind. Then at last the Romans broke, and in utter rout fled. It was a piteous sight to see the slaying. Every man's hand was lifted to kill, and none fell in vain; but the Numidians and the elephants and the river slew the most. Before sunset the Roman army was destroyed. It was a piteous sight to see the slaughter; but we were masters of Northern Italy.

## CHAPTER VII

### AFTER THE BATTLE

IN the camp that night and for many nights afterwards there was high festival. In every tent such cheer was spread as the time and place offered. The camp was fitted with supplies of every kind, and the Gauls who peopled the neighbourhood brought of their best, in flesh and wine and bread, to feed us. Rugs, and even mattresses, were in the camp in plenty; and each man lay, and ate and drank as much as he desired, and was rested, and talked of the battle, and dressed his wounds, and oiled himself. For thirty miles round in all directions horsemen patrolled the country, so that everything was safe, and within the camp security gave the rein to licence. I was young, and had never seen a victorious army at rest before; and the sight did not please me. So said I to the general, who often bade me be with him.

He answered, "Drink not thyself, and exceed in nothing; but others must, if they will."



He himself walked through the camp, and talked to all, and praised all, and laughed. When he appeared, each man stood up, though he made as though he would not have it so; but I think he was not pleased if they that were sound lay. They were dirty, these brave soldiers—in war men do not wash over-much; but he spoke to each as if they had been sweet, and clean, and pleasant. Rough and greedy they were; but he was smooth with them, and blamed them never, speaking only as though he loved them. So indeed I think he did; and in warfare, when a man came before him, he looked first at his muscles, and the carriage of his head, and then at his quickness of eye; and soon he knew afterwards the quickness of his thought. These things he noted; but he noted not his birth, nor the fairness of his skin; nor of his soul, whether it was black or white. He said to me—

“These men are rough and coarse, but they have fought well. I am their general, not their schoolmaster or judge. If vice is gross, it is not the more vice for that. Consider others, too; what they do is not less shameful because their skin is cleaner. So let the men be foul, but be not thou like them. There is a better life than theirs, and thou must live it. I am thy schoolmaster, boy, as well as thy general, for thy sister’s sake.”

At the banquet in Hannibal's tent on the evening after the battle, he said to Gisco (Gisco was the thirtieth in descent from the son of Dido, and thought of that continually), "The rabble fought well yesterday," and laughed. Gisco bowed his slight, lithe figure, and said, "The rabble will, if a noble commands them." Hannibal stretched out his hand and pinched Gisco's ear, and laughed again. It was Gisco who led that day the Spanish battalion; and when his horse was slain, he stood in front of his men, thrusting at the Roman lines, and warding all blows from himself. For all his pride he was a good soldier, else he had not been where he was. The soldiers respected him, though he angered them.

I wonder will the names of Hannibal's captains ever die. They were borne then throughout the world, and are borne still; and mine had been borne too with them, had I been older then; but in these great times I was only a boy. At Carthage, far away, all their names were known, and some rejoiced at the great exploits which they performed, and many chafed, but all knew of them. And in my own land, and in Macedon (which is not my own land, though men call it so), and in Syria and Bithynia, the noise of the great fight went, and the names of the leaders; and all men wondered what would come after.

U O P M

Into our camp came Gauls, and Italians, and Macedonians, and strangers from over the sea; and the heart of Italy stood still. But a boy like me had no power and no command; I could only hope for it, if I made myself soldierly and strong; and that I did, and learnt the ways of the camp, and the ways of the battlefield, and the meaning of hill and plain and river and wood to a soldier.

One day when we were near Placentia, I well remember that I begged the general to give me a command. I said to him, "I know a soldier's ways, and I come of a blood that hath led men. I know, too, how to lead men. Give me a troop, I pray thee."

He smiled and said, "Canst thou lead men? Look out then on this plain and tell me how thou wouldst order thy battle here, with an army before thee. It is an easy matter for thee; therefore look and say."

I looked and said, "I would place the horse here on the wings, and the slingers and archers; and the Spaniards on the left, and the Gauls on the right, and our own brigade (for so we called it) in the centre. I would send the slingers and archers and horse forward; and when they had done their work, I would charge with all my power, and sweep the enemy from the field."

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He laughed, and said to Gisco, who was riding near, "A good plan, Gisco, is it not? Real Roman?" But Gisco answered not. He moved away, and Hannibal talked to me alone, I think more familiarly than he was wont to others, because I was a boy. "Now mark me, boy. Seest thou the river on the left? That would check thee. And thy Spaniards might be ten leagues away, for all the help they could give thee. Nay, seest thou that long hill on the right? 'Tis three hundred feet high or more. Let thy Numidians ride for dear life to seize that hill; but show not on the top; and let them hold it. And move thy line westwards one mile, and let thy Gauls march under the northern ridge. Then the fight is won, before thou dost begin it. But if thou wilt be surer still, lay three thousand men in cover yonder beside the sun"—for the sun was now level on the hills—"and lead not thine own force, unless more need shows than at the present."

I think that he fancied the Romans were before him, and looked round disappointed at the bare plain. Presently he said, "To win a battle is easy; but to bring men up to battle where it is a safe thing to fight, choosing ground and time; to have no sick, nor hungry men, nor foot-sore; both in the march and on the field to

have men where they should be, and not to lack wherewithal to feed them, and to keep them safe in the camp, and save them with spades and watchfulness—this is the hard thing; by this must a man be judged, and by the heart that there is in his soldiers, and by the love they have for him. For their country all men will fight; and the Romans beat us there. For in our army there is no country; it is each for himself.”

I said, “And Hannibal for us all. Who is country and God to us—if it may be piously said.”

“But it may not,” he said, and patted my head. “And yet I am God’s servant. To do as I do, a man must have thought beyond himself; but what I do with my army, God does with the world. There is something beyond everything that I can do which masters me and all men. And there is something in the world which man put not there, and that the best of it. Thy father called it Apollo, to the Gauls; and men call it by many names, and worship it in many ways, and for many reasons—the worst whereof is love of gain, and the next worst, fear. Since I am a soldier, I call it Melcarth, who is in part in me, and can take keenness from my eye, and darken my judgment, and can defeat my purpose, and disappoint my hope that is dearest to me.”

I remember what he said now, and have thought on it many times since ; for something did defeat the hope that was dearest to him—the one thing that he had set himself to do. I knew but did not understand at this time what was this one thing. But long afterwards, at Tarentum, Mago the quartermaster told me of Hannibal's youth, and I understood. Mago was an old man and grey, who had been with Hamilcar in Spain. He never fought now, but no man could arrange an army in quarters better than he. He told me that when Hamilcar first begged at Carthage for an army to fight with Rome, the Carthaginians said him nay. Then he went to Spain, rolling his great scheme beneath his breast, to build a kingdom and fight Rome from it. And, said Mago, when Hamilcar went (because the work was rough, and not play for boys), he wished to leave his sons at Carthage. When Mago stood before Hamilcar, telling him the tale of the ships, Hannibal came up to his father's knee (he was six years old, and a winsome, keen boy), and he begged his father not to leave him behind in Carthage. By his fire and begging he so wrought upon his father that at last Hamilcar led him to the altar of Melcarth, which was hard by, and holding the boy's hand on the altar, said an oath to him, that he would hate the Romans for ever,

so help him Melcarth. The boy followed his father through the oath. "And that oath he hath kept," said Mago, "and will keep; and every oath and every promise that he hath made, or shall make, he will keep."

But this was at Tarentum, long afterwards. At Placentia, when Hannibal so spoke to me, I said to him, "Oh, Hannibal, I will serve thee to the end."

He looked at me and said, "To the end?" and seemed to see a flaw in my soul. There was a flaw, and what there was he saw. There was a flaw, and therefore my heart is gnawed now, and I have but my two best friends: the first, great Hannibal, who was my friend in my youth; the second, the old man's friend, his memory, which yet I have, but it is a foe to me, and works me mischief.

Then said Hannibal, "Thy brother and thy sister, knowest thou where they are?"

"I know not," I said, "but, I think, in Gaul."

"No," said he, "but in Rome, and lodged near Scipio's house at the gate."

"How knowest thou?" said I in amazement.

"I know," said he. "And that slave of thine, he hath become great at Rome. For there they see not as we see here. They look not behind religion, but see the service only. And thus thy

father's slave leads religion there, and finds them omens and prodigies."

I said, "Will the Romans hear a slave?"

"They hear him," said Hannibal. "For things run not clear at Rome. They cant to win, and Strabo cants and lies for them. Therefore be not jealous of Strabo—thou wert just now—for thou wouldst not lie to win?"

I said, "No."

"Wilt thou write to them?" he said.

"I will gladly; but how shall the letter go?"

"Write," said he, "and say to thy sister that Hannibal the Carthaginian greets her by thee, and keeps her brother safe, as safe as a soldier may be, for her sake who pitied him and prayed for him on the banks of the Rhone."

"Shall I write more?" I said.

"Greet thy brother too, and friend Strabo. Yet stay! Send no greeting from me, nor put down anything will show whence thy letter comes. If they find the writing, thy sister and brother too will die. They will not find it, I think; and yet thy sister knows not how to conceal."



## CHAPTER VIII

### AT ROME

WHEN my brother and sister and Strabo parted from the Consul's company at Pisa, they were sent to Rome. Publius gave them in charge to the centurion who went with the Consul's despatches, and said, "See that they are lodged in Rome, near to the Cœlian hill; and let my men know that he who harms them harms me. And farewell, Kallinice," he said to my sister, and kissed her hand. He looked at her as though she were the one woman in the world, and she at him as though he were only one man in a million. Few looked on him as she looked, for he was very beautiful. His skin was clear and white, and his features clear cut like a statue's; his eyes were deep blue, and keen or thoughtful according to his mood. In these young days he was humble; none had flattered him then overmuch, and the grace of boyhood was plain in all that he did.

"I will see thee again at Rome," he said, "and I will fight the better for thy sake."

She turned away her head—why, he could not tell. They went to Rome, and when they reached Ostia they saw in plenty the signs of the city that grasped the seven hills; and, for all the protection of Publius, they felt sinking of heart. That same sinking of heart have all men who approach Rome and are not Roman. I have heard men say, and I have known myself, that there is no city which so awes men as Rome. It is not the buildings; some of these are stately, built by the Greeks; but they awe not. It is the men. In other cities men are intent upon some pleasures, which the company of others helps; and in other cities there are some who are soft and kind and yielding, deferential to strangers, hoping for something of pleasure or profit from them. In other barbarian lands Greeks are, in one way or another, masters, and have high hearts and ways. But at Rome all this is reversed; and as Kallicles and my sister and Strabo approached, everything told them so. The sailors and passengers on the vessel all stood at a kind of attention, and minded themselves carefully. The captain, when the vessel was at the quay, would have moored her fifty paces farther to the north than where the spot was marked for him, and had nearly tied the fastenings; but a stern soldier approached, and undid his work, and made him

observe exactly the order given to him. A band of soldiers paraded along the quay, and took note of everything. There was a crowd of idlers, greater than seemed wholesome, but they were orderly, and looked at the soldiers with dread. The soldiers had a bearing which would have been high, but for the arrogance there was in it.

"By Heracles," said Strabo, when he had been jostled into his place, "I see we shall have no consideration here, unless we change our faith, and worship what they worship."

"Thou knowest their gods," said Kallicles; "Mars and Jupiter, Flora, and Saturn and Terminus."

"I know them," said Strabo, "and know them for rascals. But I mean not them. They worship them, but yet they worship them not. Read me my riddle, Kallicles; unless thy head is dizzy from the tossing at sea. They worship what is not their gods; canst thou tell me what?"

"Themselves?" said Kallicles, as the centurion passed them with polished armour, but otherwise rough and unkempt, his figure upright, and his step a military strut.

"Nay," said Strabo; "yonder mailed peacock will throw himself away for something."

"His sweetheart?" said Kallicles.

"Nay, that he will not," said Strabo, "unless

he hath the disease of love; that will make him do anything, but it is but for a time. It is for Rome that he will always do everything. Rome is the goddess here; unless we are Roman, we shall do nothing. I tell thee, Kallicles, my master, I have already become Roman; I have found salvation. Thou must find it also."

"I must be saved some other way," said Kallicles, "for I like not Rome, nor wish for a Roman world—a world of farmers and soldiers, who talk of crops and drilling. I wonder thou likest it. Thou wilt sweat in the line too much. And thou likest not that other life we saw outside Pisa—of slaves in manacles, hoeing with wooden hoes, and going for their sleep to a plank bed, sixty in a prison-house."

"I like it not," said Strabo, "but yet it shall become my faith, and then it will reach to others, and not to me. If I have the faith, neither my manners nor aught beside will matter. I shall not work, but eat, and see others hoe in chains. I shall cry 'Rome!' and all will be well. Thou laughest, Kallicles, at my stomach; it is not fatter than yon vagabond's; he may not be beaten, for he is Roman, and hath corn for nothing. I will try and mount on the same road some little way: therefore heigh for Rome, head of all things!"

They travelled from Ostia in a barge, and moved slowly up the water, drawn by two mules. The walls of the city were visible during the most of the passage, and Strabo's transformation into a Roman became more complete every moment. His respectful demeanour was very marked, but seemed to procure for him no respect, though it may have saved him from trouble. Some soldiers were beside the centurion in the boat, and Strabo approached one of these, saying—

“Sir, it gives me joy, and makes me feel safe, to see a Roman soldier. I have suffered much, and been in sad trouble, which the presence of a Roman soldier would have relieved; and my troubles vanished when Roman soldiers appeared. But they did not come soon enough.”

The soldier looked at him for a moment with a stern contempt. Then when his curiosity was aroused, he said simply, “Where?”

“I was settled on the banks of the Rhone,” said Strabo, “and had great influence there. I organised an opposition to Hannibal's crossing among the Gauls. We needed Roman soldiers, for they alone can really fight; I could not induce the Gauls to stand behind me.”

It was impossible for the legionary not to be interested in Strabo's speech. He delivered it

with his eyes wide opened, his cheeks puffed, and his mouth pushed upwards; and the whole body of passengers crowded round him. He proceeded with his story, introducing into it the account of the personal combat between himself and Hannibal. The crowd were puzzled, but regarded him with wonder. And Kallicles, seeing Strabo surrounded, came forward and bade him be silent or tell the truth; but this command was of little avail.

After they had left the boat they went up through the streets of that city of which all the world heard so much. They went under supervision; the centurion gave them in charge to a legionary to attend, while he delivered his despatches. The senate was even then sitting, and they waited at the edge of the forum, and wondered with a desolate feeling at the bustle on the paved streets.

Before nightfall a lodging was found for them at the foot of the Caelian hill, on the summit of which were many great houses, and among them that of the Scipios. Their lodging was of four rooms, with boarded floors and boarded walls. In one room they sat; in the other three my brother and sister and Strabo slept. In the sitting-room there were three stools, and a table and two shelves; in each bedroom was a mattress on the floor, and a ewer and a basin. Their food they

bought cooked at a tavern near. The refuse from their living they cast out of the window. They might perchance have been better lodged, for my brother carried treasure with him; but they feared to show anything that they had.

It was a poor exchange for the free and beautiful home on the Rhone—cramped, foul, and noisy; but there was no lack of business to look upon. Each day they saw the ways of the city; each day there was something new. The ceremonies of religion, the doles, the crowds of clients, the festivals, the funerals, the assemblies of the people in their tribes, with a tribune to harangue them, the elections, the meetings of the senate, and the senators and officers going thereto—all this was wonder to them. Each thing they viewed with some awe, because of the great interests hanging to it. The men whom they saw were going to command armies, and decide the fates of thousands. The resolutions on which Flaccus pondered as he walked to the senate-house, which puckered the brows of Torquatus, were to have effects which would be felt through the whole of the Western world. Everything was on a great scale. Outside the city walls the Campus was filled with troops and munitions of war. Legions were massed there and levies held, and cavalry was trained, and from that plain the young men of the

Roman armies marched to all parts of Italy and of Spain. The great white hard straight roads which led from every gate were crowded with people. By them embassies arrived from state after state, and embassies were sent; along them horsemen spurred foaming horses. Within the walls the streets were filled with litters, porters, goods, freemen, slaves, and many sorrowful faces of women; and sometimes from the houses wailing could be heard. Grain and wine and droves of beasts came up the river and down the river, and poured along the roads in waggons. Indeed, there was a continual sight to see; and for those who knew nothing of cities the wonders never ended. They presently had acquaintances; as they walked through streets Greeks knew them, and spoke to them; and besides this, Strabo insisted that respect should be paid to the Scipios. On the next day after their arrival, in the early morning, Kallicles walked up the Cœlian hill, and faced the porter at the door of the great house. Strabo went with him to the door. The porter asked their business.

"We come to salute the Scipios," said my brother.

"Greeks are ye?" said the porter. "We have too many Greeks here." But he was silent when he saw the scrip from Publius that Kallicles bore.

Through groups of slaves, of whom many were of our own nation, Kallicles walked forward into

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a great hall in which were many men. Pillars ran along all sides of it, on which the roof rested. Beyond the pillars were corridors, and into the corridors there were entrances from chambers, the doors of which were mostly closed; but some were open, and bedding was visible in the rooms. Where there was wall to be seen it was white-washed. Round the hall itself were groups of strange garments, some faded, some new; and above each group hung on the wall a mask in wax, representing a man, and coloured so as to be like flesh. Some sat in great oaken chairs, some stood upright; some were armed like soldiers, some wore robes like senators; all seemed strong and stern. There were thirty of them or more, ranged round the hall. Kallicles knew them for the Cornelii of past ages, who had helped to raise Rome, and set her where she was, as queen of Italy. On a great oaken chair at the end of the hall sat Cnæus Scipio, the cousin and deputy at home of the Consul. By his side stood with some papers Rhodius, the house-steward. A slave stood before them, with a pale face, and trembling. There were many men in the room, some free, some slaves. As my brother entered, Scipio said, "What say you of him, Rhodius?"

"He stole a capon's leg from the table last night," said the old steward.

"Didst thou?" said Scipio.

"No, my lord," said the slave. Kallicles saw by his voice that he was a Greek, and he felt his anger rise.

"My lord, he did," said Rhodius. "Here is the bone; I found it within his tunic."

The slave dropped down upon his knees, and began to cry for mercy.

Scipio frowned, and said to a strong slave behind him, "Twenty stripes."

This slave went to the wall and took from it a thong of leather; the tunic was stripped from the thief, and twenty stripes were dealt him, so that from his shoulders downward he was covered with red marks. Scipio looked carefully on, unheeding the howling of the slave, but he counted the strokes. The rest who were in the hall laughed, and the more heartily when a stroke fell where another had fallen before, so that a gash was made in the back of the beaten man.

When this was done, some of them who had come on the same errand as my brother came forward in order, and Scipio gave a word of careless greeting to each. The one who made his greeting next before Kallicles fell on his knees and began to wail when his turn came.

"What is thy trouble? Have done with thy wailing," said Scipio.

"My neighbour wrongs me. He heaps his refuse before my door, and hath beaten me and my eldest son."

"Show me the marks," said Scipio.

The man bared his back, and on it were the marks of blows.

"Who is thy neighbour," said Scipio, "and how big is he?"

"It is big Temnes the Thracian," said Rhodius. "He bullies the people round."

"Let him be chosen in the next levy," said Scipio.

The suppliant's tears ceased to flow, and he grasped his patron's knees.

"Away!" said Scipio. "And who art thou?" he said, as my brother bowed before him.

"I bring thee a greeting from Publius, thy cousin," said my brother.

Scipio looked surprised, and turned to Rhodius. "It is true," said Rhodius. "There are three of them. One is a maiden very fair, and this boy, and one a rascally slave. They have seen Hannibal, and travelled with our legions. This boy can recite, so please you and my ladies, many a tale, and sing songs."

"Out on it!" said Scipio. "These Greeks will swamp our household. Still it were a cruel thing to keep them away from my mistresses. Take

them, Rhodius, and keep them till I come from this crowd, and I will hear further of them. Let the slave and the woman also be here."

Five evenings afterwards, when nine couches were spread for dinner in Scipio's house, my brother was summoned to sing to the lords as they lay at their wine. He wished to refuse to go, but Strabo really forced him to go. And he entered the dining-hall where they lay, nearly drunken; red-faced and loathsome were they. While my brother sang, Rhodius hastily entered, and said, "My lords, there is a messenger come who brings great news from Sempronius. He and your cousin, whose wound is not whole, have joined their armies, and a battle is near. The lords leaped to their feet. One said, "Longus hath the luck;" and another, "Where is the messenger?"

"He is with the prætor," said Syrus. "The people are gathered round the prætor's house."

"Thither will we all," said the company.

Through the city the next day the glad news went that the enemy seemed not likely to decline battle. The people waited in exultation, and my brother and sister and Strabo waited also, hoping for news. The senate sat all the next day. And through the night each man's house was open, and every one waited at the gate and in the streets, not to miss the first hearing of news. Towards

morning a messenger galloped along the northern way, and through the gate, crying, "A victory!" But there was no laurel on his despatch. He carried the despatch straight to the senate-house. It was in Sempronius' own hand, and it was thus written—"We have fought a battle, and should have chased the enemy back to the Alps, but that a storm arose and saved him." The day was kept as a festival, and the images of the gods were laid on cushions out in the streets; but at our home they sorrowed, and wondered how I had fared. For days the citizens looked for captives, but no captives came, and, instead of them, the story that the storm had not only prevented the Romans from winning a victory, but had brought defeat to them, and that of 40,000 legionaries not one-half remained. The news turned the city from triumph to woe. No one knew who had been killed and who had escaped; and for weeks they did not know. The faces of men and women grew hard, and set, and drooping, because of anxiety. At last the consuls returned, but not even then was it known quite surely, for many soldiers remained at Ariminum, and some had been sent only to Fæsulæ. In the Campus the troops were dismissed, and entered the city, bringing gladness to many homes, but sorrow to others by their tidings.

All eyes were on Scipio, who rode yet in pain, and pale, his sons near him. He looked years older than when he had left the mouth of the Tiber eight months before; he dismounted only with help, and his black hair was turned in many places to grey. He leaned, as he dismounted, upon his son Publius, and every one knew that he had said in answer to the greeting of Fulvius, "This victory, my old comrade, was no victory. Alas! that I should say so. I have seen Roman soldiers cut down by Spaniards, and flying before Numidians. The boy Hannibal, believe me, needs our care. There was but one who knew this, my son Publius. And but for my son Publius, I myself had lain on the banks of the Ticinus. He shall come with me to greet thee and tell thee all."

Fulvius turned his harsh face with no great favour on the white-cheeked boy who bowed before him. He said, "He shall be welcome; but I know not whether my cheer of pork and apples will suit his belly. Perhaps my guests, too, will trouble him. I have none but Romans; no Greeks, no slaves, no song. I have heard of thy friends of the Rhone, boy; bad soldier's baggage is that."

"What it pleases you to give me," said Publius, with scorn in his voice, "that will I thankfully

eat. And I think it will be better food than we have eaten these eight months."

"That is true," said the elder Scipio, who had frowned while Fulvius spoke. "Farewell! we will eat thy pork with thee on the Kalends; now the boys long to see their mother, and I my wife."

Before Publius had been a day in his house, indeed almost as soon as he had greeted his mother and his two sisters, he said, "My mother, hast thou seen a Greek maiden who has come from the Rhone bank here, and with her a Greek boy, who has a face beautiful, but a body crooked; and a servant red of face, and mannered like a satyr?"

His mother was a tall matron, with dark hair braided over her low forehead. She laid down her embroidery, and said, "These Greeks are not for thee, Publius. The Romans speak of thee as too fond of Greeks."

Of his sisters, the harder-featured of the two said, "Yes, Publius. Galba blames thee for it. I promise thee I see her not."

The younger said, "I will see her if my mother will grant me leave."

His mother said, "Before thou dost, I will see thy father. This house is a Roman house, where men work and fight, and women are holy."

"My mother," said Publius, "this is a woman

holy. Or think you that I would speak to you of her? And for Cornelia, she shall go to Galba when the maid is here, lest she do her harm."

"I fear not for myself, but for thee," said Cornelia. "Look to it that they cheat thee not."

"Thou needst have no fear for Publius," said his mother; "and it is for thy father to rebuke him, and not for thee."

"That is as he shall behave in our quarter," said his sister. "I will not meddle with him out of it."

Thus it came about that Kallicles and my dear sister Kallinice came into the house of Scipio. None insulted them, and my brother, crooked though he was, became notable in Rome, and my sister was loved of the younger daughter of the Consul. And even Strabo's name grew in Rome. He too came into the outer hall of the house of Scipio, and where he went he throve. For he made men laugh, and all men love to be merry. It mattered not who it was, if a man would laugh, Strabo would find the matter. There never was aught, however small, in the company where he was, but he took all interest in it, and made himself on one side or the other of it, going beyond those to whom it really mattered, in his eagerness and management; and if there was a touch of adroitness



or cunning to be shown, or if a folly was to be enacted, or a trick put on some one, so much the better for Strabo. Thus now at Rome he became not only a Roman, and a believer in Roman glory, but when he had once been into the kitchen of Scipio he became a patrician of the patricians; he desired all that the patricians desired, and bowed to every one who wore a gold ring and a boss, despising the people with all his might. He heard with indignation that the right to be consul had been wrested from the patricians, and that plebeians were admitted to the holy office. He looked scornfully upon tribunes and the people in their tribes; and in particular he despised Flaminius, who was the people's choice for the consulship in this next year. The elections for the office were approaching, and every engine of statecraft or any other craft was Strabo willing to put into working order, to prevent what he declared many times in many taverns, and at many cross streets, to be a disgrace and a danger to Rome. Often did my brother at Athens describe to me all that he did; and I could laugh at it, and at the Romans, even though in Athens my life was dull. But, it may be, none of those who read will laugh, for they knew not Strabo, his look and his ways, nor could guess at the secret delight with which he without noise

or show welcomed his works himself, and applauded to himself secretly each one of his pranks.

"Is this a time," he cried, "when an enemy is on Italian soil; is this a time to try a new man, and new omens, when the state has need of tried captains, the favourites of heaven? If the gods do not send portents to warn us, it will be strange."

In the forum, when it was most crowded, he stopped at midday before a woman, who carried an unweaned child in her arms, red-faced, and born six months. She was Procula, a decent woman, married to a Roman citizen who was a client of the Sergian gens. Strabo spread his arms and strode with his legs. "As I live," he cried, "the child spake. Speak again, wonderful infant." He cast up his eyes to heaven, as though to call Jupiter to witness, and then down to the infant, and uttered loudly the sentence, "*Ne læseritis auspicia.*" "O just Heaven!" he bawled, and lifted his hands to pray. I marvel how he could do so, but Strabo neither feared god, nor was abashed before men. "O Capitoline Jove!" he cried, "these are thy words."

Throughout Rome the marvel was told, and many men feared thereat. Strabo was joyous at that which he had done. And again in the Campus, where a mule stood harnessed to a barrel

carrying wine for the soldiers to drink when they should be dismissed, Strabo was near; and indeed it might be expected that where drink was, there he would be. Then when Postumius the centurion gave the word, which he did the sooner because there was a black rain-cloud in the sky, and when the soldiers were moving quickly to the barrel, then, as thunder sounded from the cloud, as is sometimes even in December, Strabo, standing upright, did lift up his hands to the cloud, and then fell prostrate before the mule. The soldiers looked at him, and he slowly rose, pointing to its mouth and the cloud; then again he bent to the mule as though listening, and those near witnessed a great prodigy. The mule opened its mouth, Strabo pointing thereto and listening, and said, according to Strabo, "Ne Flaminium deligite neu novam viam." That the mule spoke at all was a portent, but that she spoke in some metre also made every one attentive, and many fear. This marvel too was known throughout Rome, and though some noted that both these miracles had come under Strabo's guidance, yet many thought, in that time of doubt, that there might be something worth heeding in the matter.

This experience that Strabo had of Rome made him desire to set up as an oracle, as on the Rhone; but Kallicles bade him desist, first knowing

that it was dangerous to do, and secondly, desiring to deceive man no more. "Thou mayest advise, Strabo," my brother said, "but without robes or thunder." Strabo did but laugh, and said: "Without robes and thunder, advice is an arrow without a feather. What, Kallicles, my master! thinkest thou yet that men must be treated as though they were wise and honest?" Then, not to lose what he might have, he went to the *forum boarium*, where at the corner stands Ofella's booth, the skinner. There he bought parchment, and wrote on it silly lines, some in Greek, some in Latin, some in Gallic, or in Spanish, or in the Punic tongue; about bulls, and wolves, and stars, and water, and I wot not what else, all made like as if the god spake by them about the election to the Consulate. There were others in the city who did the same thing, but I think Strabo did it best; and from all this I doubt not in some way that disasters befell Rome, for the soldiers feared their fate ere it came. And this, my master Hannibal desired more than 10,000 men; but of this I will speak presently. Thus Strabo became a prophet at Rome, and a prophet, I trow, like most that I have known, with a red face and a round belly. Men, even Roman men, feared him as one who knew more of that which was to be than another. It was a strange sight on the day

of election, a wintry day, when the centurions gave their vote, to see each century as it gave its vote, look at Strabo, as though he held gods' thunder in his hand; and it was a strange sight to see Sergius (who lied not, men said, ever) beckon with the hand to Strabo, and whisper to him to make him lie; or it may be that Sergius believed in him, for he was a stupid man, as I know, since I saw him and spoke for a day with him at Rhodes.

"Look," said Nævius, with his pale, smiling face, to Scipio, pointing at Strabo, "behold a god!"

"Make thou a verse thereon," said Lucius, "and the god's lord shall sing it at our supper."

Nævius looked up and down, and took a tablet from his bosom, and wrote—

"Quoi Sergius deo, dic, auspicans auscultat?  
Uoltumst ruber. Brumalis Phœbus est. Uide, sis,  
Quam titubet:—An Uolcanus? At fur fraudulentus:  
Ne Maia sit prognatus cautius cauendumst."

And more like them; verses not over-good, but quickly made. And Kallicles sang them; and neither poet nor singer soon heard the last of that song.

But for all that Strabo could do, and others beside Strabo, the people would have their way, and Flaminius was chosen Consul. A fair and

true man he was, my brother said, with a full bold eye, franker and freer than had he been a lord, and with a laughing mouth ; laughing, until the nobles harried him, so that he laughed less. It was ill bearding those Roman lords. But Flaminus was chosen Consul, and out against us he marched.

## CHAPTER IX

### SPIES

BUT this god of the Romans, Strabo, was indeed a very deceitful god, who was minded to run no risks for them, and thought less of the safety of their city than he thought of his own dinner; and for a wine-flask, or, indeed, for the very love of trickery, would have deserted it altogether. He had money in plenty given him, not by my brother, but by the nobles to help their purposes; and it was his habit to move himself about in the city, and in the streets and taverns, to talk with the people there, and bribe them. He had seen Hannibal, and this made every one willing to hear him, if for that alone; and in every place men crowded round him—slaves from great houses, mechanics, citizens, some gaily dressed, some roughly, but all ignorant, and all vicious; the city was full of such men, men without check or thought, wishing only for wine and news, and coarse levity. Strabo spent his time very gaily, giving himself many airs. That which troubled

him most was, that he knew that he was not immortal, that he had many evils in his flesh that continually told him so; that his stomach was swollen, and his legs too thin to bear him; that his nose was purple, in places the skin of it was broken, and sores appeared on it; that his eyes were weaker than they had been, and shot with blood, and from them issued thick matter. My sister said to him—

“Strabo, unless thou amendest thy life, it will not be long. Thou wilt die.”

“Mistress,” he said, apparently in great alarm, “I pray thee speak words of good omen when thou speakest to me. But what is there amiss in my life? I am a greater man now than I have been.”

“There is this amiss in thy life,” said she: “thou art hated of God because thou lovest thyself; thou dost drink too much wine, by nineteen parts out of twenty that thou dost drink. Thy body is swollen, and thy leg thin—thy blood hot. Thou knowest not thyself, but I know thee; and God, whom thou dost outrage by thy life, will presently light in anger upon thee.”

“I will amend,” said Strabo, appearing aghast. “It is true I have taken liberties with the gods, and pretended much in their name. I pray thee sacrifice thou for me to them. I have no one else whose prayers they hear”



"Then if thou goest out and comest in without wine-drinking, I will pray for thee," said my sister.

"Nay," said Strabo, "pray for me the more if I do not. It is a hard thing for me that my business lies chiefly among vintners. Had I been still a priest, I had done well."

"Thou wert never a priest," said my brother. "Priests are righteous."

"Is old Catulus righteous?" said Strabo. "And he is chief pontiff. He is as I am, excepting that he longs not to be otherwise. And his business," he added, seeming aggrieved, "lies on the Capitol, where there is no wine-shop. But wine is always smelling before my nose."

Strabo went to the tavern which he most frequented, kept by one Liger, in the Suburra; and Liger was for bringing him wine.

"Nay, nay," said he, "good Liger, bestow it upon my friend Macer here, to wash down his sausage. I have seen a goddess, who hath bidden me to drink no wine this day."

"Thou see a goddess!" said Liger; while the company looked all at Strabo, as they always did.

"Even so," said Strabo, putting his head back, and looking as holy as he could. "The cloud lowered—thou sawest the cloud, didst thou not, good Macer?"

"Ay," said Macer, pausing from his eating, "we saw it."

"She threw a veil over the sky, that she might not be seen to speak with me. Then she came and said what I have told you. Common eyes cannot see these holy ones."

Then said Liger, looking with a grin at his customers, "Then she need not have veiled herself, for we could not have seen her any way. And for me, I can see what goes on upon the earth, though there be a cloud in the sky."

"Ay, ay," said one and another, half laughing, half fearful.

Strabo looked around with an air of great superiority, and said, "Ay, thou canst, good Liger; at least thou canst see a good deal and make up the rest, for thou lovest not the truth, oh, shame! But the veil was to hide her from Jupiter, who wishes not his goddesses to come to me. She warned me, and I pass the warning on to thee, for thy salvation."

When he had thus admonished Liger, he turned to the company, and gave them that which they wished, namely, what he called information and advice; but he drank not. As he rose and turned to go, Liger plucked him by the sleeve and said, "Return to me at the third hour. I have something to say to thee."

Strabo returned, and the tavern was then empty.

Liger said, "This Hannibal thou knowest—will he take Rome?"

There was something strange about his tone and his bearing; he spoke now shortly, more like a soldier than a tavern-keeper.

"It may be so," said Strabo; then he waited, for he was very wary.

"And where wilt thou be then?" said Liger in a low tone, looking at him.

"Where I am now," said Strabo, indifferently, "and perhaps even a better man; for he remembereth me with kindness."

There was a pause again. Then Strabo said, "Friend Liger, thou hast somewhat to say to me. Say it, I beg thee; though I guess partly at what it is."

"Thou art a stranger here," began Liger slowly, his dark keen eye watching Strabo, "and thou lovest not the Romans. If Hannibal comes, wishest thou to be safe, and also to earn a reward by doing an easy service?" As he spoke he drew from his pouch a purse, and opened it; it was full of gold pieces. He said, "These will be thine if thou wilt write me a paper saying what thou knowest of the legions—where they go, and who leads them." As Liger spoke his face was pale,

but his eyes glistened. He drew the pieces from the purse, and told them from one hand to the other. It is true that as a man grows in age, so does he desire wealth. Strabo had no wife, no children, and he had, too, as much money as he could spend. Still he desired more. The prospect of deceit also was pleasant to him, and again he feared what might happen if Hannibal should take Rome. He hesitated, and looked at Liger, and said, "What warrant have I that thou art not playing upon me to betray me?"

Then Liger took off his belt, and lifted his tunic, and showed him a mark pricked into his skin, above his flank. It was shaped like a scimitar. He said proudly, "This is Hannibal's mark. I am Liger, the wine merchant here; but"—and here he lifted himself still more and squared his shoulders—"I am also Iachin the Spaniard, whose castle is on Morena's Crag; and a prince in my own country. I speak to thee as an equal, but thou art dust beneath my feet." His face glowed with anger and scorn. Then he cried again, "But, alas! in this city all are dust alike. The only princes are Roman; the rest are slaves."

Strabo was not much affected by the wine-seller's recital of his claims to respect. He had a poor opinion of chieftains, and was a little

indignant when placed even to be in the same list with them; but other thoughts pushed this thought away from him. He said presently, "Is it not imprudent of thee, friend Liger, to trust me?"

Liger said, with a cold smile, "Thou thinkest I am in thy power. I told another that I am to speak thus with thee this evening; and if thou betrayest me, that other will lance thy stomach before the sun sets on thee."

Strabo laid his hand in an uneasy way upon the organ mentioned, and partly wished himself away. But presently, after thinking, he said, "This mark of thine, friend Liger, or friend Iachin, or what thou wilt, will it make me safe, if Hannibal enter the city?"

"Ay, truly," said Iachin.

"Then set it on me," said Strabo, "and as gently as thou mayest, for my skin is liable to inflammation."

"But for it thou must do what is needed," said Iachin.

"What is that?" said Strabo. "I care not to fly from the wolf to the tiger. My days of fighting are past, thank the gods; and no man who sees me will expect me to do more than pray."

"Thy combat with the captain hath been thy last, I trow," said Iachin.

"Even so," said Strabo, with dignity. "My power lies in counsel now. As our poet saith (though thou canst not know what he saith, being barbarian), *βουλαὶ γερόντων, ἔργα τῶν νεωτέρων.*"

"I need of thee only this," said Iachin: "to tell me what thou hast heard from the mouth of young Publius Scipio, when he is at thy house."

"If I tell thee that," said Strabo, "then shall Hannibal—or the captain, as thou callest him—have but a love story, which will not order his army or soothe his soul; for Publius Scipio pipeth of love, and not legions, when I hear him. Or else he talketh of virtues, an improving talk, and may do Hannibal good, though I find it tedious, having these virtues myself."

During this time the scimitar was making its appearance on Strabo's lower ribs, and presently it was finished.

"Now I have done," said Iachin. "Look that thou bring me what news thou canst."

Strabo, with a smarting flank, but feeling safe, and insured against all risk, walked home. And he thought, "Now, how may I get this mark on Kallicles and Kallinice, that they too may be safe?" And again he thought, "How may I get the news?"

It was easy to him; and before the next sun set, he went to Liger, carrying with him two scrolls

which concerned the matter. They were not in his pocket, but sewn inside his tunic; and while he had them there they made him tremble, and his knees totter, so that he was like to faint for fear as he walked through the streets.

## CHAPTER X

### TRASIMENE

ALL Northern Italy had been for us through the winter and spring ; and with a renewed force we marched over the Apennines, and, as many of us thought, on Rome itself. I had crossed the Alps, and that was not babies' work ; and I have fought many a campaign since, and seen rough days. But never have I seen aught that touched in any way for hardness our advance along the great plain of Etruria. There are scorching deserts through which men have carried armies, and, as I said, there are mountains over which I myself have marched. But in the desert the night is comfortable ; on the mountain side there is at least ice or snow to tread. Here in Etruria we had no comfort and no ground, neither night nor day. Through marshes waist-high, day and night we moved ; marshes foul and dangerous, in which the soldiers died as if they had been feeble folk. Had not Rome been before us, and Hannibal with us, we had not gone forward. We could



not for very grief have gone forward. I think he grieved himself, though none heard him, nor even saw him place his hand to his bandaged head, or do aught but smile. A fair, unblemished man was he when he entered that swamp; but he came from it without that which a soldier can least spare, of which he needs twenty, and hath but two—an eye. He grieved, too, when he saw the soldiers perish; for he loved them, and they were his right hand.

But we passed through the trouble after ten days, and when we were washed and rested, we laughed at that through which we had gone, though there were fewer to laugh than there had been. For we left 8000 men in that swamp. When once again we were on dry ground, we wondered that we had come on. And but for three things we had not, but the army had melted away like snow. First, there was the general himself; this was the chief thing. He sat upon an elephant that tramped on slowly, the last left in the army; his head was bandaged with linen, but he carried it erect, and he spoke to all, and called and jested. "Thou shalt have my horse when the swamp is passed," he cried to Barcas, who rode the best of all the Spaniards, against whom he had ridden his own horse on the plain at Placentia; and, laughing, lost his

wager. To Melcho (who carried, as we knew, a torque beneath his breastplate, though he denied it, lest he should be robbed), when he slipped, Hannibal said, "Shall thy neighbour, or shall I, bear thy breastplate, poor Melcho?" All the soldiers laughed. And a second thing that upheld us was that each day we thought we should leave the marsh and be on firm ground again. And the third thing was that we thought of Rome before us, and had a hope to loot it. And perhaps a fourth thing I should add—that the guard marched last, and had a man turned, it would have been necessary for him to go by them, and none liked the thought of that. So we marched on, and reached firm ground on the tenth day, and then were we happy again.

As soon as we were past the swamp, the next day even, Hannibal sent for me to his tent, as he often sent for me; and I know of some men that were jealous because he sent so often, and warned him of me. But no man grumbled much, for he neglected no man and nothing for me, and I had no softnesses lacked by others. In the tent, I well remember, were Maharbal and Mutines, and Mago, and the stately Gisco, who had dressed his feathers again, and was looking down on all that were not Giscos. They sat on benches and on bedding. When I came in I stood.

"Sit down," said the general, and I sat. He handed me a paper, and said, "Dost thou know the hand that wrote what is there written?" I looked, and burst into tears. It was my brother's writing I saw, and I thought of him and my sister, and my father and my home.

"I see thou knowest it," said he, very kindly. "Look now at that." I knew the hand again. It was Strabo's. He said, "Dry now thy tears, and read us, I pray, what is written."

I read the writing. Strabo's ran thus: "Flaminius will lead, and fight at once. The people send him out to heal the mischief the lords have made. His army is 40,000 legionaries; 10,000 cavalry and light-armed soldiers." My brother's ran thus: "I know not whether to despise or to admire this new Consul. He is noisy and vain, and yet there is some grandeur in him. He holds the people in his hand, and fears not the face of man."

"I thank thee, lad," said Hannibal. "Now go, and be silent." I rose, and bowed, and went; nor knew I that on those scrolls the fate of 20,000 men lay. But that was the reason why the general bade me read them; lest anything in them might perchance escape him, who knew Greek only imperfectly.

I saw the generals come from the tent, in

about half-an-hour's time, frowning, and talking among themselves; and presently we all knew that the order was to break up the camp, to take the road to the east, and march beyond Flaminus, who lay three leagues from us, blocking one road in the direction of Rome. Mutines said, grumbling, "This is new—to pass an enemy that wishes to fight us, and march towards fresh enemies, leaving one in our rear." So many said; but for all this we marched, and made noise with blowing of trumpets and shouting, as was ordered us. We marched fast upon Rome, and in one day we covered twenty-five miles, and on the next twenty-five. Then at even we halted. We had come to a strange place. It was near a lake; not much known till then, but it will be named in history for ever, so I think—Trasimene. For three miles the road skirted the shore of the lake, and close on the other side of the road rose wooded hills, making a pass. Half the army were posted in the woods, and 10,000 men were posted at the end of the pass, where the road left the lake and the hills. The rest were at the beginning of the pass, and the general was quartered on a spur of the hills whence he could see the entrance, and nearly also the issue of the pass. Where we had our stand, there we slept—slept from sunset

till the sun rose again. When I waked I saw that the whole valley by the side of the lake was covered with mist, which rose nearly to the high summit on which I stood. When we waked we were still, and lay down, according to the order given us by Maches, who led our division that day. He was a stern and swarthy Spaniard. He said, smiling grimly, "My men, let no man even whisper, lest a bird hear him." The whole host was about us, but no bugle was blown, no sound was heard. For two hours we waited thus, and then we could hear the clattering of hoofs in the valley beneath us. We looked, but we could see nothing through the mist. The horsemen rode half-way through the pass, and then all was still again. Then there was a kind of stir through the woods; the army stood and took up its arms, but still we waited. The mist was rising, and we could see the road beneath us in places, but not plainly. Often a battle is mostly waiting, and such waiting is not pleasant. I thought on my brother and sister, and wondered if I should see them again; and then I thought of fame, and my name in the world.

All at once Maches said, "Hush!" He lifted his forefinger, and we listened. I can hear quicker than most men; but Maches knew what to expect better than I, and thus he heard first

now. Far away we could hear a faint sound, muffled, and steadily growing in strength. I looked at Maches; his lips were set, and his eyes full of light.

“What is it?” said I. I was nearest to him.

“It is an army marching,” said he, “that is all.” He was panting with a kind of fury.

The sound grew stronger and stronger; and presently we could see dimly through the mist the head of a column appear. The men were marching quickly, stepping a full pace, but in loose order. Some sang, some talked. In loose order marched the Roman army along the side of the lake; and everything on the hill-side was still, until their van was within a furlong of the end of the pass; then a bugle was heard from the spot on which Hannibal stood, then no more sounded, and, with yells from every throat, we charged into the road. I remember distinctly nothing more, but I heard Maches cry again and again, “Keep order, boys.” I could see presently the legionaries, with their heavy greaves and cuirasses, and shirts of mail, and close helmets, each one with his short sword striking at what was before him; but what that was he hardly knew. The mist was still in the air, and the surprise was overwhelming. They were in no order, each man was for himself, and that will

not do in battle. On our side was no manœuvring, only that one great manœuvre which I have described. When, at last, we reached the level of the pass, the road and the ground was red everywhere with blood, and blood ran into the lake like water in a rain-storm. In the water stood thousands and thousands of men, holding up their hands and crying for quarter. The Numidians, their eyeballs gleaming, and their curved swords flickering above their heads and around them, urged their horses into the water. Each time the swords moved a man fell in the lake, and the dead were piled up along its borders, so that a man could walk out into the lake on bodies as on a platform.

At last, when the sun was in the height of the heaven, the bugle sounded again, and all was still. Blood-stained each one of us, and weary, we rested; and most men ate and drank; but I could only drink, being sick with what I saw.

## CHAPTER XI

### COMMUNICATIONS

AT Rome, Strabo had the impertinence to affect the character of one whose advice had been slighted, and whose wisdom, had it been obeyed, would have saved the state from disaster. At heart he was not vexed at the result of the battle, for the Romans were often contemptuous towards him. Nevertheless he exhibited all the signs of woe, and wept several times in the forum and in other places; speaking sometimes about the necessity of attending to the gods, and making reference to the speeches of the mule and the baby. All this made for the advantage of the nobles, and he was allowed to conduct himself as it pleased him.

My brother said that it was a marvel to see how, though the whole city was dismayed at the tidings of the battle by Lake Trasimene, yet the heart of the people remained unbroken. Men spoke little, but looked silently one on the other; only the women wailed. Almost immediately the



senate was summoned, and then the crowd gathered round the senate-house and the doors of the chief senators, to watch them issue from their houses. Galba, whom my brother saw, with head erect, but with a pale face, walked through the crowd, showing less contempt for them, looking less disdainfully on them than was his wont; and when, in the press, one surged up against him, Galba struck him not, nor even scolded him, but gave a little place to him. Whereat some one in the crowd shouted, "*ἐν γένος ἐσμέν.*" Scipio the Consular, limping still from his wound, showed himself downcast neither in mien nor speech. When Flaminius had been elected, he had ground his teeth; but now that disaster had come, he drew himself together, and was undismayed. It was his son's habit to come to my brother and sister each evening; this evening he came earlier than at other times, rising from his couch at table at the first hour.

He said when he came, "I cannot suffer to stay. There is talk at the table, but chiefly at the second table, that maddens me. What thinkest thou, Kallinice? Did thy countrymen hate each other as Romans hate Romans? And did they choose generals by compact, or because they could most persuade the people, or were their father's sons?"

Kallinice answered him, "The assembly at Athens was not like the comitia at Rome. Each Athenian who sat in it was a man of state."

"And each Roman," said Scipio, "is a man of stomach, or a man of form. Will there ever come a time in Rome when a man shall stand for what he is? And look again, here is another trouble. This second time now hath Hannibal beaten us. Sixty thousand Romans are dead; and we govern yet as if it mattered not whether the men of Italy hate us or love us, and whether the men of Rome can fight as well as eat. I have prayed to Jove in the temple to-day the prayer thou didst bid me use; and the priestess was in my heart when the prayer was on my lips. Oh, pray it for me now, sweet priestess." He rose from the stool on which he sat, and stood before her. She also rose from her seat, and spreading her arms above her head, so that her hands nearly reached the roof of the little room, she said—

"O Jupiter, best and greatest, descend into my soul, and strengthen it and widen it. And keep this clear for me, that a man is a man for what he can do, that a city is the men within it, and not the walls or the nobles only, and that thou and the fate of Rome art above all; that justice, truth, and courage are above all selfishness, and ease, and deceit."

It seemed as though she were beside herself when she so spoke, and Scipio beside himself also. He said, "Thy face fills the place with glory, and thy soul glorifies thy face."

But she looked not on him, and thought only of Hannibal with her hungry heart. Then came in Strabo, with a knot of citizens accompanying him. He had given to each a scroll, which he said would keep each man from harm.

"Harm!" said Scipio fiercely; "what meanest thou by harm?"

"Harm," said Strabo, "to them is danger; but, in truth, they do not need my scrolls to keep them from it. Their own hearts are enough."

Scipio said not a word, but went to the door and called the men, who had shrunk back when they saw him.

"Mark you, Celer," he said, "and the rest of you, I know you well, and your purpose; and may the gods leave me if you march not in the next levy."

Celer stood forward and said fairly, "So you, my lord, will go, I will go blithely; and the gods send it soon. Give us a leader and we will serve him; but we care not to serve when the leaders are as they are, and the enemy is Hannibal."

Strabo said then to Publius, "Thy father calls for thee." When Scipio was gone, Strabo

said, "Behold a scroll from young Alexander—from Kallistratus;" and before my brother and sister he laid my letter. They two wept, and Strabo also wept, so my brother said; sobbing with delight to hear of me.

"How gottest thou this, Strabo?" said my brother.

"No matter," said Strabo. "And here is a message also, delivered unto me from the great Hannibal himself. He wrote not, for fear writing might be found and work you mischief—thee mischief, lady, I think. He sends you greeting, and bids you know that Hannibal keeps thy brother safe from all harm, and loves him for thy sake."

My sister's face shone with great happiness; and my brother was happy, and even Strabo showed his real feeling.

Presently he said, "I know that Hannibal needs in Rome some one to tell him how matters go—what troops are moved, and who leads them. He begs this service of thee, Kallicles, and thee, Kallinice."

Kallinice rose to her feet, and said, "It is not true. He sent not this message to me."

"Why not?" said Strabo. "I send him news; and I am one of a band that he has, carrying his mark, a scimitar, tattooed on my ribs."

Kallinice said more vehemently, "It is not true. Dost thou say so, Strabo? Tell me."

Strabo looked at her with wonder, and seemed to search in his soul for some clue to the cause that so shook her. He said, "I know that he wishes for news."

"But he sent not this message to me?" said Kallinice.

"Not to thee," said Strabo; "but thou mayest so help him. And indeed thou, Kallicles, hast helped him; for I have sent him already a scroll from thee—from thy scribble that thou makest each day, that which showed the nature of the Consul Flaminius."

"Strabo," said my brother, "if thou doest aught of this kind again, I will no more be thy friend. A man must trust those with whom he is friendly." He was angrier than he had ever been before.

"Strabo," said my sister, "at one time for this thou wouldst have been crucified. Thou hast wronged Kallicles, and thou mightst have sorely wronged me."

"By Pollux!" said Strabo, "I see not how. But I will wrong you, as you call it, no more. And you will not right yourselves by wearing the scimitar?"

"Of this matter speak not to me again," said

Kallieles. And Strabo went out somewhat vexed, and appearing to be puzzled, though whether he was or not cannot be told; he could understand most things when he tried. He walked through the streets, and took his place where he often sat, because from it a man could see much without stirring—on the walls of Rome. They were about thirty feet high and twelve thick, and they were along the crests of the hills, and following the slopes and valleys between, so as to defend the city best. But this height of thirty feet inside meant a height of sixty feet outside, because the depth of the foss was to be added to it. Inside the battlements, at the top of the wall, there ran a walk all round, reached by steps leading up to it in many places; and one who climbed these steps saw a fair sight. Strabo knew the best parapets, sheltered from sun or rain; and he went generally to the broad sloping steps by the north gate, since they were easier to mount, and sat near to them. From this place he could see the Campus, and the soldiers at their exercises, and the tirones practising; he could watch the javelin play, and to his left, down lower, he could see soldiers swimming in the yellow Tiber. It was his wont to speak of the exercises as though he had once himself been skilful in them; as though he had swum each

day in the Rhone, which was broader, and swifter, and more dangerous than the Tiber. And again he would say, "Ah, my boys, if Jupiter would bring back to me the past years, I would show you how to cast, with this arm which once kept the Gauls in awe." When he saw the riders he said, "It is well, very well; but a true rider needs no saddle nor bridle. When I rode, thus I rode." As though he had ever done more in riding than watch the Numidians from a tree. He betook himself to this place now, and comforted himself when Kallicles and Kallinice rebuffed him.

There were many on this northern wall in these days at Rome, watching with eyes full of fear the northern horizon, dreading each day to see the army of Hannibal appear. But the days went by, and he did not come. The fugitives had all come in, and scouts made the Romans know that the enemy had passed Rome and gone southwards. So for a while men breathed more freely. But yet there was no ease, and in all the city only one matter of talk—the war, and talk only of one man—of Hannibal. It was no longer said that he was to be despised, that the Roman armies would sweep him from Italy. Men spoke of him with whispers and terror, as though he were some god. The common people were dis-

mayed; but the senate showed no dismay. In the face of every senator there gathered gradually a look of set purpose, and the senate educated the rest. Through the city spread the same hard feeling, passing from despair into resolution, and from resolution into confidence. A Dictator, Fabius Maximus, was chosen, who went to front Hannibal in Apulia, and then every one looked earnestly among the candidates for the Consulship to choose a saviour of Rome; each man, patrician and plebeian, arguing and judging according to his light, with only the same purpose. The meetings of the people were full; in fact, all business excepting such as was necessary ceased. Men bought and sold little but clothing and food, and munitions of war. This my brother told me, and part of it seems strange to me. I wonder how it would have seemed in our camp, and what Hannibal would have said, had we met together all of us to choose our leaders, and either all of us or any made plans for the war. And how also it would have seemed had at last, not one leader, but two leaders been made for a war and a battle. But in the city it seems that this was the manner of it. Men, forsooth, would not be deprived of their civil rights. Among the candidates was one the people would push forward; Varro was his name. I have heard much of him



from my brother, and I have myself seen him, but only at a glimpse, as, dusty and beaten, he galloped along the plain of Cannæ. My brother said that he had light hair, thick lips, and a red face, and could speak, for a Roman, very well. There was no real eloquence in him, but sense and power. He had plenty to say, demanding that men should be made commanders not because they were noble, but because they could command. This was good sense ; but behind it was the suggestion that he himself should be chosen to lead—a man not proved as a general, but only known as a speaker to the people. On the day of election he was indeed chosen, with Paullus as his partner ; and a great levy was held, and every preparation made for the war. It is a strange mixture of sense and folly that is shown by the Romans in dealing with war ; and it is strange that a people so sensible should not have seen their folly. The reason is, I think, that they stayed too much on old plans ; and the reason why they succeeded at last was because, in spite of their plans, they took so much pains, and had so much strength of will.

Though their commanders were two, and chosen as I have said, yet their army was a grand army. Even Hannibal said that he never saw a finer army in battle, nor believed that a finer had ever been

in the world. There were 80,000 men in front of us in Apulia, all good sound soldiers, drilled and strong. We knew the number and the commanders, for we had received notice from Iachin. In the packet there was a scroll from Strabo, who had sent most of the information, and from my brother and sister, all three sent to me with greeting.

Strabo's letter made me laugh. I did not know, nor am I easily able to understand, the importance he had at Rome; and had I met him, I had whipped him for his letter. It ran thus:—

“Strabo to Kallistratus, greeting. I greet thee and wish thee happiness; and that we may meet presently I wish, that I may see how thou growest, and what sort of a soldier thou art become. Thou must remember that valour is much, but that discretion and conduct are more; and that as thou usest all three, so wilt thou thrive.—From Strabo.”

My brother's letter ran thus:—

“O Kallistratus, my heart yearns toward thee and to meet thee. Here at Rome we live, and go up daily to the house of the Scipios, and to other houses. I sing to those living in them, and make songs for them, and talk to those who think highly of themselves, but whose names I give thee not, for thou knowest not of them. We

have lodging and food and raiment; and Publius Scipio is our friend. To him I talk, and of things whereof our father was used to speak to us—men and women, and the origin of all things, and of states. To him also, and to others, I teach our own tongue; and indeed, my brother, to make continually and carefully a correspondence between two methods of speech, as we often in part did on the Rhone, is a strange thing, and makes strange thoughts in me regarding the nature of things, and of that which language is. I would I could speak of these things with thee, if thou wert in thy mood of thinking which came over thee sometimes. But indeed still, my brother, if I were with thee, I should speak, not of this, but of thee; for I would I knew all that thou sayest, and doest, and thinkest, and could tend and help thee, as a man loving may help another, though he be not over-strong in helping. O my brother, I am sad without thee, and may the gods send thee to me, or me to thee, and so give me the wish of my heart.”

As I read this letter my heart became tender; and I wept, and loved my brother, and longed to see him.

My sister's letter was:—

“O Kallistratus, I greet thee lovingly, and I pray that all the gods may guide and help thee,

and send thee to us some day in peace. Kallicles thy brother is well, and lives in Rome, thought well of, among the best respected and loved. And so indeed should he be, for there are none here who are his peers in thinking, and speaking, and song. Though there is one who learns of him and who loves him, and was a boy on the old Rhone bank, but is now near a man ; for these times bring ripeness to a man quickly. Publius Scipio is his name, the son of that Consul who lay at Massilia thou knowest when. He is rich in soul, and richer still in activity and matters. The state begins to look to him as a pilot, and he will grow to great power at last. He helps us to live at ease and happy in this Rome ; so that we are not bound with iron, nor crushed with stone, but live as we would. What the gods have for us on their knees I know not ; but I love thee, Kallicles, and think of thee morning, noon, and night, and long to see thee. But if that may not be, yet I remember with hope the pillar at the Maiden's temple at Athens, the hope to meet thee there ; and that day of meeting, would that it were here, though it were near to the end of life. Farewell, my brother dear."

I pondered on this letter. I thought, "It is sorrowful, and there is not spirit in it ; and the young and beautiful should have spirit, and be happy." So thought I.

## CHAPTER XII

### CANNÆ

ÆMILIUS PAULLUS, the Consul, had throughout the whole year preceding his Consulship tutored himself for his command, learning all that he could of Hannibal and his methods. In the early part of the year, soon after the battle of Trasimene, he had supped at the house of the Scipios, before the elder Publius left Rome for Spain. He had said to the Consular, "I prithee let me sup with thee, and let me speak to thee regarding the manner of Carthaginian warfare. If I go in command, or in half command, I would gladly do my part as it should be done."

"Come thou," said Scipio. "It was want of thought and speech which hindered our plans in the north. Thou shalt have at thy side Fabius, and we will speak of the campaign."

The three supped in company, and with them the two sons of the Consul; and never did men who supped think less of the meats and the drinks, though indeed they were of the best. In Scipio's

house was a cook from Syracuse, who made dishes which were new then in Rome, showing all manner of conceits in pastry. In the cellars, too, of Scipio was wine from Spain, heavy and sweet, and lighter wine from Gaul, and wine, too, from the Massic and the Setine hills. But neither conceits with pastry nor wine moved the guests or the host; and sick was the cook thereat, and grieved was the ancient cellarman of the house. The Consular lay at the head of the table, and on either side Fabius and Æmilius. Beyond Paullus was Publius, and beyond Fabius was Lucius. On the lowest couch beyond Lucius lay Cornelius Arvina, who had just returned from Ariminum, he who had commanded the cavalry scouts on the Rhone. The two young Scipios were silent generally through the supper, listening to their elders.

"I know not how it is," said Scipio, breaking without a thought or look the pastry figure of a fully-armed legionary containing some shellfish in his head, and in his breast eggs quaintly cooked, and represented as thrusting a Numidian horseman through the chest with his lance, "but the movements of the Carthaginian show some knowledge more of us than we have of him. On the Rhone I thought so, and in the last campaign I thought so."

Fabius said nothing; indeed, always he spoke

but seldom. A heavy, patient eye he had, and a strong, heavy jaw. He was not there to make merriment. Æmilius lifted himself higher on his elbow. But Arvina called from the lowest couch, "It is some Greek. I would, Sir Consul, you would order that Greeks and Spaniards and Gauls should leave the city."

Publius moved uneasily, but spoke not.

"I killed many on the banks of the Rhone, and would kill all that I meet in war-time," said the centurion. "They are false by nature; soft, cowardly, and supple. My blood boils when I see one."

Publius said, "Thou didst kill a brave man on the banks of the Rhone, and unjustly; the gods surely will punish thee. And thou speakest wrongly of the nation."

"I say I wrong them not," said Arvina hotly. "Show me a Greek, and I will show thee a liar!"

"I will show thee one who is not a liar," said Publius, starting up, with his arm unbent; "Kallicles, the son of the man thou didst wrongly kill."

"And his sister," said Arvina, laughing.

"And his sister," said Publius. "I will answer for their truth with my life. Deceit never knew them."

"Hear him now," said Arvina. "He speaks fantastically, like a Greek. I am proud of my Athenian kinsman."

"Peace, Arvina," said Æmilius; "torment him not. It is good to hear a youth speak who will answer for another with his life. Five and thirty years ago I had done the same; and, while I hear him, time goes backward that space for me."

Lucius laughed, with a certain maliciousness and mockery in his tone; and Publius regarded Arvina with absolute scorn. Fabius spoke not a word, but looked gravely from one to the other of the party, and then let his gaze rest on the elder Scipio.

"How should this war be waged, think you," said he, "with least peril to the state?"

"In Roman fashion," said Arvina. "Find the enemy, and make straight for him."

There was silence for a while. Then Fabius said, "I think not so," but said no more.

"How mean you?" said Scipio, signing to the slaves to remove the dishes and set on the second course.

Arvina watched their movements, and looked at the brand of the flagon which the cellarman with some pomp brought in, watching also the mixing of it with water in the bowl; the rest looked not, but saw each speaker only.

"I would wait," said Fabius, in a straight-



forward manner and steady tone. "Hannibal hurts our allies only, being in Italy; he hurts not Rome, excepting in reputation, which Rome will soon recover. They will tire of him, and he will be starved out."

No one spoke. Fabius lay with unmoved face, apparently not caring to receive an answer.

Presently Publius cried out, lifting himself again from the couch, and even placing his feet on the ground, "This confesses weakness, and Arvina's plan is folly. The way in the middle is best. How did Hannibal win on the Trebia? By feint and ambush. And how at Trasimene? By ambush and our unwariness. But not for that is he to be left alone to do as it pleases him. Nay; rather let us be wary; but let us strike. Come hither, Argon."

He signed to a swarthy man clad in linen, and turbaned, who had just entered the dining-hall. While each guest looked in some wonder on him, Publius said, "Hand wine to this gentleman," pointing to Arvina.

Argon, the juggler, with his white teeth gleaming, ladled the wine from the bowl into a silver cup, and brought it to Arvina, who took it, saying, "I thank thee, Publius; thou requitest kindly. I pledge thee." He put the cup to his lips, but took it away in blank surprise, for the cup was empty. The juggler held out his

hand to receive the cup, and Arvina, in helplessness, gave it to him. He took it, and, apparently without any movement but that of passing it beneath a salver that he held in his hand, again gave it to Arvina; and this time it was full.

While the company, in spite of their thoughtfulness, wondered at the trick, Publius said, "Should Argon show you how the trick is accomplished, it is naught. You cannot tell, because you watch only that which is obvious, which he thrusts on your eyes. The real movements which meddle with the matter and determine it, he shows not. This juggler is Phœnician; and as he is, so is his race. What Argon is in juggling, that is Hannibal in war. Wherefore he must be met warily; but he must be met. I would beware of his cavalry, and his feints and his ambush. I would keep my soldiers massed and orderly, looking when I fought that there be no broken ground wherein men may be hidden. Then 80,000 men must win against his; 80,000 men fighting in their own land, against 45,000 in a strange land."

Scipio said to Paullus, "Forgive the boy; he is over-forward."

"Nay," said Paullus, "I thank him."

Fabius still looked from one to another, and said nothing, but seemed to think.

Gallant was the show of the army as it set forth from Rome, armed with every weapon of the best. I know not how many mustered at Rome, but only how many were before us in Apulia at last. The townsmen stood on the wall, in the streets, and on the roads, to see the muster in the Campus; and they saw as good soldiers as had ever stood beneath the Roman standards. Strabo looked with the rest, and said that the mark upon his side first itched, and then burned, as he looked, as though it meant to betray him. At the second hour the Consuls issued from their houses. Paullus came from his house on the Cœlian hill; he was received with respectful shouting, for the people honoured him. But when Varro came from the lower corner of the forum, the whole concourse of people crowded round, and threw up their caps, and shouted so that the hollow banks of the Tiber re-echoed the roar. His face shone with delight; and glad and happy, with a tear in his eye, he looked round upon the people. His heart swelled, as what man's would not have swelled, when he saw how they loved and trusted him. And can life give a happier, finer moment than that which was his then? Riches and power are much, but love and honour are all. Oh for one moment of this! I have lived for it; I would

have died for it; but I have never had it. I begin now to know why.

In our camp we knew of the muster and the march, and the number and quality of the troops. Long before they left Rome, Hannibal had summoned his chief officers, and me too; and we had ridden far—on a ride the meaning of which was in great part hidden from me, though I knew the main purport of it. As we rode out for many miles, I thought of the desolate land around us; and Maharbal thought of the Romans, and hated them. As he lifted his eyes to the northward, hatred seemed to gleam in them, and he ground his teeth. And Mutines thought of his horse, which he loved more than any living thing, and tried to save it, and spoke to it as we galloped on. And Gisco thought of himself and his ancestors, and even in this campaigning could not reconcile himself to all his company; for though Maharbal was a noble, yet Mutines was not. But altogether we thought of Hannibal, and wondered each of us what there was in his mind. We were accustomed to ride thus, and particularly before every movement of troops. We knew that he thought of the country as he rode, not of its dreariness, but its shape. He rode to the top of one eminence after another, pausing on the highest point of it, and looking

north and south, and east and west. So for two days we rode, following chiefly the track of the little stream Aufidus. When we had ridden throughout the whole district, on the evening of the second day we rode again to the top of one of the hills where we had been before; and Hannibal looked round to all points again. Then we rode round the base of some rising ground on which were works and a Roman camp, and then to the hill-top again; and then to the river bank, and along it; and he seemed to notice the depth of the river and the breadth, and the banks. Then once again to the hill opposite to the Roman works, and paused again. Then he smiled serene, confident and strong. He said to me, "It is a lonely country, boy, is it not? What wilt thou say if I people it for thee? Mark thou well that hill yonder, and that road, and that bend which it makes, and the cover in it." Then he rode near Mutines, and pinched his ear, as though he loved him, and said, "Does thy horse love the tread of the ground? Here may be galloping for thee soon." Then he turned to Maharbal and said, "Dost thou see the bend the river makes? How many men of thy enemies may stand packed there?"

"Thirty thousand," said Maharbal.

"And more," said Hannibal, "if they stand close. And more still if they lie."

It was terrible to see his face whilst he said this.

He turned last to Gisco, and said, "Thou shalt see in this summer churls fight and beat down nobles; and then thou will bear them better."

In two days we crossed the Aufidus, and Hannibal sent me, with my first command, at the head of 2500 men, to take the works and fort on the hill round which we had ridden. I heard the name of the hill then for the first time; the whole world has heard it now—Cannæ. Before I went he said to me—

"Take thy first command to-day. With the second Spanish troop, thou wilt carry the hill. Put the Romans in the garrison to the sword; but let the Italians go free. Thou rememberest the ground. Bid thy men march noiselessly; follow the track in close order; go thyself at the head; wait for the early dawn for the attack; stay not for anything else. Spare not thyself, but be first within the works." He shook my hand, and before I left the tent he looked again on me; because of that I thought that he loved me.

I took the men, and we marched in the darkness. The dawn was streaking the sky with grey as we came to the foot of the rising ground. I formed my men thirty abreast, in column, and with drawn swords we stole up the hill. I bade them be

ready to charge with a shout when I gave them the word, but till then to march in silence. Soon we had passed the bend, and I looked to right and left to see all that was to be seen. Nearer and nearer we stole, until we were close to the ramparts; but all was quite still. I stood frightened, because of the stillness; but then I lifted my sword, and at the head of the company, as the general bade me, I climbed the mound, and stood upon the top of the entrenchments. Inside were open spaces and huts, and long, low buildings, filled, as I knew afterwards, with stores of all kinds. We could guess where the garrison lay. We descended easily, and hurrying across the open space, we entered the barrack before the Romans knew what had happened. We surprised them unarmed; and they made but little fighting, surrendering in helplessness. I felt a great joy—first, because I had been in some peril, and had come safely through it; and secondly, because I had done that which I had been told to do. But now there followed a worse matter. The soldiers of the garrison were all brought into the open space, and paraded there. I parted the Romans from the rest; there were 250 of them.

“What shall be done with them?” said the lieutenant.

“The Romans die,” I said. I could say no other thing; but I was faint and sick to say it.

The lieutenant to whom I spoke was a Spaniard, and my friend. He had seen war of all kinds from his childhood, and made no more of the matter than if the captives had been sheep. He smiled—at my white face, as I expect—and gave the order. I turned to look for a moment, and saw the line of prisoners staring at me, with white faces and set eyes, but erect heads. Then their eyes were fixed upon the line advancing upon them. I fell upon the ground, not being able to stand upright, and lay with my face in my hands turned towards the ground. I heard the strokes fall, and many groans, and then all was still. Nevertheless I lay on the ground without moving. Then again the lieutenant came to me, and taking me by the arm, lifted me, and, smiling, saluted me. He said, “Sir Captain, what shall be done with the bodies?”

I said, “Let them be buried without the camp, in the hollow thou knowest. Let them be covered with earth; and let the Italians do this service, furnished with spades from the stores. Let there be a guard of 200 men for them while they work; and let Mantes come to me.”

Mantes was the runner whom Hannibal had sent with us. When he came, I bade him travel the five leagues to the camp and tell Hannibal what I had done. He saluted me and said,



"Before the sun is there," pointing to the third quarter of the sky, "Hannibal shall know."

I then went to see that the guard of the Italians was set, and set so that it could hinder any attempt to escape, and deal with any mutiny. Then I placed thirty men on the fortifications as sentinels, and then arranged for the breakfast of all my soldiers. Then I went to see the mass of graves that the Italians had made. When I was there, I took in my hand handfuls of dust, and threw into the air three for every man slain, and I buried a coin for each (these I found in the stores), and called three times on Proserpina for each, and said the last words of farewell; for so have I heard that the Romans bury their dead. And whether this all advantaged the dead or not, I know not; but I had done what I could, and my heart was lighter. Then I bade the Italians go free, and thank Hannibal for their freedom.

I have described all that happened here now, because it was my first command. In spite of the time long past, I remember it well. I performed well what I had received my orders to perform; the soldiers said so, and Hannibal said so; and I was glad.

The men at first had said that I was too young to lead them, and many of them had muttered this as we marched through the night, and would,

I think, have refused to follow me, but that they dared not to disobey the general. I stayed in command at the fort; and in two days the army came up, and lived at ease on the great stores we had taken. The main body remained encamped, but detachments of great strength were sent about in the country, manœuvring in a manner that I did not understand, but with purposes that I knew very well.

I need not tell the end of the fight that followed not many months afterwards. The whole world from Gades to Indus knew of it. On the spot on which we had looked, that lonely country was peopled, the bend of the river was packed, with men standing, and then with corpses lying. The horse of Mutines and his horsemen found the ground good for galloping, and churls fought like nobles; Gisco leading and churls following him, standing where he stood and going where he went. I remember, when we were in array, and each man was looking at that which was in front of him, with strange and wild thoughts, there occurred a circumstance the like of which I have never known on a battlefield. The Roman army was a fine sight, massed in serried ranks, like living walls; a grand company of 78,000 men; and each man of ours asked himself what the end would be, for we were

but 50,000 men in all. One man only seemed to know, and this was Hannibal. He looked on the Romans, as he had looked on the ground on which they stood, before the Romans reached it, as keenly and as fiercely as an eagle looks from the sky. Then we saw his face break into a smile as he saw the serious faces of those around him.

Gisco, who was nearest him, said, "It is a strange thing to see how many men they are."

Then said Hannibal, looking at him gravely, "Ay, but there is a stranger thing for them than their numbers, poor things!"

Each man leaned forward to hear; and Hannibal said, as though he were saying a great thing, "Dost thou know that all that great host is poor and helpless after all, base churls? There is no Gisco there, nor one of his blood. Alas! base churls!"

The words were presently whispered along the lines, and the soldiers were bold to laugh; indeed, there was no holding them, for each man knew that Gisco held his name and blood in great honour, and was unkind in his thoughts on that score towards all the rest of mankind. It was a strange thing to hear and see the army laughing; and the Romans also, as we heard afterwards, wondered and feared.

On that day I rode chiefly with Hasdrubal, and I had abundance to do, but one thing in particular which must have been sent for me to do by the immortal gods. On this day I saw again one whom I had seen twice before on the Rhone bank, the centurion Cornelius Arvina; and on that day I settled the account that there was between us.

We were stationed on the left, and close upon the river. I did not know the order of battle at the time, but I could see that the plan of it was to drive and to draw the Romans into the ground that lay enclosed by the bend of the river, so that they might be penned there and unable to move. First we charged the Roman horse. The legionaries are good soldiers, but the cavalry are naught. It is strange that a fighting nation should not know what is the use of cavalry, and improve it. Their horses moved badly, and their riders could not ride them; and though the Consul, as I heard, was among them, yet they were a poor force, without good training or power. I myself saw the Consul for a moment; and I remember that he was riding a heavy brown horse. He was in the front, like a brave man as he was; but his heart must have sunk as he saw our line and we charged. For a moment the Romans stood, and then broke and fled, and never rallied again to fight on that day. Our

horse pursued them for half a league; but I was not with them, for I saw riding behind the Consul, Cornelius the centurion. I thought all at once of my father, and I rode at him. I was not in the ranks, but before them, so that I could choose my own point of attack. My horse was at full speed, and his hardly moving. I had my sword raised, but lowered it towards his throat, thinking of the time when he had thus ridden at my father. I cannot tell why it was—whether that I rode so fast, or that he thought on my father (for I know that I am like to him), or why it was—but he looked at me, and did not lift up his sword to strike me or to parry. I pierced his throat just beneath his chin, and he fell, with his eyes still looking at me. He had killed many men, and thought little of that, no doubt. But I think he remembered that he killed my father; I think I saw in his face that he remembered. Our cavalry rode on in pursuit, but I stayed, and dismounted, and stood above the dead man. I unlaced his helmet, and looked at his face; and my tears burst out, and ran like warm streams down my face. I cried, “My father, my father!” forgetting for a moment the battle around me. Then I rode on to join Hasdrubal. And he frowned on me, and said fiercely, “Art wounded? Or didst thou stop to plunder? If so, Hannibal shall hear of it.”

I was still sobbing, and I told him the reason of my stopping. He looked with wonder at me, and said nothing more.

We turned again towards the field; and Hasdrubal sent me to tell Hannibal what we had done, and, if orders were to be given, to wait to receive them. I rode over the ground, hardly marking the horses and the men I saw lying on it, some dead, some dizzily raising themselves, maimed and broken. One thing I remember, that in one place I saw a little company of men, many of whom were wounded, surrounding one who was seated on terminus stone. They were trying to help him, for he was sorely wounded, and his face was very pale. But I rode on and did my errand. Hannibal was on the highest ground, still, and watchful only of the battle before him. In his view there were 130,000 men, massed together in a very small space of ground. The battle was beginning to rage furiously, and the even formation of lines with which battles generally begin had disappeared. The shouts of the captains and the men could be heard constantly, but the roar was not very great. Behind the general was a group of forty or fifty men, one of whom continually when he made a signal rode to his side, and galloped away to carry an order to one or other part of the field; and

men rode up to him as I rode, bringing tidings. When I came, I also rode up to him, and gave my tidings. He hardly turned his eyes from the field, but said, "Bid Hasdrubal ride in the Roman rear, attacking the cavalry on their left. When these are routed, let him, judging his time by what he knows, charge again upon the Romans, taking them full in the rear."

Before delivering my message I had waited while another messenger spoke, and I had looked over the field. I saw that the Roman infantry were delivering charge after charge from short spaces upon the whole of our line, and that our troops were giving way, pressed along the whole front, and withdrawing in the direction of the bank of the river. The Roman legions were moving steadily forwards, pressing into the great space of ground that the river bend enclosed. As soon as I had received my order I galloped back, with my heart and my head on fire. I said to Hasdrubal, "The general says, 'Attack the cavalry on the Roman left, and then wait till the time seems to thee come to charge the Romans, taking them in the rear.' The Romans are attacking, and our men are giving way, and the plain in the bend of the river is becoming full of soldiers. When they have——"

Hasdrubal said, and curtly, "Give me the

general's order exactly as thou didst receive it, and say no more but that which I ask thee."

I gave the message again, feeling vexed.

Then he said, "Now for what thou sawest."

I said, "I saw the enemy pressing forward, and our men giving way before them."

Then said he, "Were they falling back straight towards the river, or to left and right?"

I said, "I cannot tell."

"Seemed they broken?" he said.

"They were not broken."

Then did we ride behind the Roman lines and charge the cavalry on their left wing, in the rear; and easily we scattered it. Then did Hasdrubal turn to his men, and with a light in his face he said, "My men, we shall win this day such a victory as no soldiers have ever won before. We have already done well, but that is nothing to that which is coming. Form up on me in lines four deep, by yonder trees, and in two companies. Keep well together, and when we charge, charge home, and then not a man among the Romans shall leave the ground they stand on."

He galloped then towards the trees, and the whole division formed in two companies upon him. Under the trees the ground was a little higher than the rest, and there Hasdrubal waited; and for a long time, as it seemed, we stood, until the

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Roman lines had drawn far from us. At last Hasdrubal rode down to us, and called, "Trot, and keep line." Then when we had gone a mile, he called, "Halt! Take your dressings!" and for a short time we did not advance. Then in a voice like thunder he cried, waving his sword, "Charge!" and the whole squadron burst upon the rear of the army in front of them. There has never been a charge like that, and there never will be such another. We were told afterwards that almost directly when we charged, our soldiers in the front resolutely faced their enemies, knowing of our movement. For in our army all was foreseen, and the Romans, though they were good soldiers, yet hardly even made a feint or a movement which frustrated our calculation. In front and rear the enemy were beset, and so closely were they packed, that their numbers only encumbered them. For three hours we hewed at their ranks, until of that great army of 76,000 men, the best troops that ever stood on a battle-field, 50,000 lay dead. It was a sight, such as burns itself both on eyes and brain, to see the Numidians with their sharp swords, curved like reaping-hooks, striking and slicing men; and the Spaniards, their arms and white tunics now red with blood, smiting with their great swords rising and falling like the axes of woodmen in the forest,

only with a fierceness not known to woodmen. In the Roman ranks there was despair and silence. The faces of the soldiers were pale, and their brows wrinkled; no man could move; in the press their arms were glued to their sides, and always nearer and nearer to each one came from all sides the fringe of slaughter, as the deadly circle contracted more and more. At first I felt exultant, and then I grew sick and sorry; and when presently there came from the Roman ranks a wailing and piteous moan, and I saw their arms raised above their heads (whether asking for quarter, or to strike, I know not, but all in vain), then I could not bear it; I felt too sick to strike. But all the more Hannibal cried, "On, on, my men. Slay; let not one escape." Throughout the fight, until the battle was won, he had been quite still, but for slight movements, as though his frame thrilled; he had not spoken except to give orders. But when we had made our charge, and all had fallen rightly, then he became like a tiger, and seemed to have an unquenchable thirst for blood. Then again, when the slaughter was finished, he became calm again, and showed no great exultation. He rode over the field, ordering that the dead should be reverently buried, and that the generals on the Roman side should be buried in their armour. By a stone near the

western bend of the river, where a bridge of wood crossed the water, was found the body of the Consul Paullus; and I knew then that it was he whom I had seen seated on the stone as I rode to Hannibal. There was a gaping wound in his breast, and his armour was drenched with blood. He was borne by six soldiers to a grave dug hard by; and Hannibal himself watched the burial, and saluted the body as it was borne past him. As I looked and saw Hannibal standing near, and the Africans bearing the body, another scene came into my mind. I saw the Rhone bank, and my brother and sister and Strabo. I felt like a boy again, and I wept like a boy, for the second time on that day. Hannibal saw me weeping; he came to me and said, "I know why thou weepest. Pray to thy gods to keep thy heart so that thou canst weep always." I told him of the death of Cornelius, and he laid his hand on my head without speaking. I remember, too, seeing sacks brought out from the stores in the fort I had taken, and filled with a freight no man could have guessed ever that they would bear—the rings of gold drawn from the fingers of Roman knights who were dead on the battlefield. These sacks were filled with 2000 rings; they were sealed and laid before the tent of the general. He penned a letter, to go with these sacks to Carthage, telling the

Carthaginians of that which had happened, and reminding them that it had been done without a ship, or a man, or a coin from Carthage, and that now he asked for all these three. I myself heard him say at the festival held two nights after, when after the mess banquet he talked with his captains, that perhaps his countrymen would send him none of these three things, and that then he must look to Spain for help. He said also, "We have won a battle, a great battle; but we have not yet conquered Rome."

Maharbal turned away with a shrug of his shoulders, for he was not one to hide his feeling. Hannibal said to him, smiling, "Thou art a soldier, and canst win a battle; but thou art not a statesman."

Maharbal turned to him and said, "I say not that I am a statesman; but here is a city conquered by thee, and thou dost not take it."

"I would it were conquered," said Hannibal. "Hast thou forgotten Saguntum, and the labour it gave us? Rome is more than twenty Saguntums. A state cannot be conquered excepting by a state; and either Carthage must do it, or Spain, or perhaps Italy. But Italy is Roman as against us, by instinct."

I never heard him say so much as this as to the prospect either of war or statesmanship; but

I think Maharbal had vexed him. He knew also that all the captains thought with Maharbal, being flushed with victory. I also thought with Maharbal; but since then I have seen that we all thought wrongly; that in marching on Rome we should have staked everything, to win or lose everything, with the chances all against us. Hannibal knew the number of men in Rome, the stores, the temper of the men, the thickness and extent of the walls; and he knew also that we were powerless to conquer it as we were. It was not for love of Rome, nor for want of enterprise, that he held off; and we were wrong, as all men that ever I knew were wrong, when they let their judgment cross Hannibal's. In forming his judgments he left nothing unknown that a man could know, and in acting upon them he left nothing to chance. His soldiers never missed rations or pay, nor had what it was impossible to do set before them for doing; and I think that there was not a town or road or river in Southern Italy that he knew not. Two things only I think in all these campaigns he did not know, and met with greater check than he expected—the Alps, and the swamp in the Tuscan country. Over both of these he triumphed, but at a greater price than he would have paid had he known beforehand what it was to be, though I cannot say this for certain.

## CHAPTER XIII

### A MARCH ON ROME

THE years that passed in my life until the battle of Cannæ was fought, have been such as I love to remember. Those that are to follow, I remember without pleasure. Until the battle of Cannæ I had been advancing, and I was hopeful. But after Cannæ my fortunes began to dwindle; therefore I shall shorten my story now. The latter time has not answered my hope. I have always been a marked man, but I have had no glory. As time went on, my place grew worse. From being a captain of a thousand, I became a captain of a hundred; not because I was a worse soldier—for I was a better—but because our army always decreased. We had few reinforcements, and the cities in Italy began to shrink from us. At first many of them joined through fear of us, and in hatred of Rome; and for a year we seemed to be on the high tide of success. But then it began to be plain that they did not desire to be free from Rome in such a way as to be at

the mercy of the Carthaginians. There is much in race, and they were one in race with Rome; from the Carthaginians they differed even in the colour of the skin; and they asked themselves, in what would their secession from Rome end? In a Carthaginian dominion, in their submission to men from the other side of the sea, like to themselves neither in manners, nor in speech, nor in colour, nor in religion. Therefore, presently, those cities that joined us became lukewarm in giving us help, and after a time no more cities even parleyed with us. Those that were our allies would not work as we worked, nor drill themselves for fight, nor contribute money. They had no stomach for hardship in the cause which they were supporting. From time to time the Romans regained those that had taken part with us, and the fate of these made men pause in falling away from Rome. I can remember that the knowledge of all this grew gradually within me, and made me change my thoughts as to my service with Hannibal. I became discontented, not thinking that I showed myself so; but there was little that escaped the notice of Hannibal. Now that I am old, I see more plainly what should be done by men, judging by the pleasure and pain of recollections; and I would with all my soul

that I had been loyal to Hannibal, who never was anything but loyal to every one.

In these times, after a year a sense of failure began in some measure to appear in the minds of many of the chief officers; but none of them failed their captain—none save me. In him no sign of despondency appeared, though better than any of us he knew how matters were going. But he was always the same—calm, clear of sight, resolute, unbroken, brave, courteous—whatever fortune brought him. Therefore, now I honour him more when I think of these days than when I think of his triumphs; and yet in these days I was poor-spirited, and I left him.

Our greatest loss was the loss of Capua. I well remember when Capua fell. I should have had good reason on my own personal account to remember it, had I known who was inside of it; but I knew not then. I remember it because, with Capua, fell also the Carthaginian cause in Italy. While we were doing all we could to retain it, by marches and by battles, and were successful in all that we tried, but just in that one thing for which we were doing all, I well remember that in that time I saw what was a marvel to us all—Hannibal angry, vexed at trifles, peevish, fretful, resentful of personal slights. During that time his assurance of per-



sonal superiority seemed to leave him; he amused himself no more with Gisco and with his captains. For the whole of one month all seemed to go wrongly. Men were sulky in the camp, and when he took his determination to march upon Rome, he took it, not, as men said, because he hoped to become master of the city—how could that be, when he did not march on it after Cannæ? Neither did he believe that the Romans would break up the siege of Capua to follow him when he marched. He, and the Romans also, now knew his limits too well for that. But he marched on Rome chiefly to restore the old temper among his troops, and to show his contempt for his adversaries in the field, and that he could do as he pleased in Italy. Besides this, he desired to see the city that he hated; and in going to it thus, there was some sort of fulfilment of that which he had promised himself when first he left Spain. He guessed, also, that it might be he would never again be able to do even as much as that which he was doing towards it. These were the reasons why we made that march of which there was so much talk through the world.

“Soldiers,” he said, before the troops marched, speaking to them all, more in a laughing way than seriously; “Soldiers, the enemy will not

meet us. Let us march on Rome itself, and plunder its gardens, and see the pale faces of the Roman soldiers as they stand on the wall." Then with merry laughter, which cloaked a sad heart, he carried out the project, and we marched to the very gates of Rome, leaving, indeed, men to watch the lines at Capua, and report any movement there. Alas! no report of movement reached us; the lines remained as they were, and Capua fell. But before it fell, we had marched all round Rome, and harried the country according to our pleasure showing that no Roman was safe in Italy, not even under the very walls of Rome itself.

It is a strange experience for a man to see at last that place of which he has heard much even from childhood. Thus I felt strangely as I saw the city; and I was one of the very few who ever looked on it with a feeling of mastery. I saw the city, the roads leading to it, the spaces outside, the Tiber, the walls, and the gates. I wondered constantly whether my brother and sister were there, and tried to see them among the crowds which we saw. For we saw men and women on the walls and in the streets, looking with fear on us; we heard the noises in the city, we saw the roofs of the houses, and the white temples on the hills; and we made out what each thing was that

we saw, and what each sound meant; there were many in the army who could help us to know. On the day before we marched away, Hannibal rode round the eastern side. I rode with him, and in our company was Mago, and Hasdrubal, and Gisco, and thirty riders more. Hannibal said:—

“We have now seen the last of this inert city; to-morrow we will advance towards our old quarters. Our mocking is finished; a play should not last too long. How say you, gentlemen? Shall we mark the last act by some scornful deed?”

Then, with his lance in his hand, he galloped, and we galloped behind him, to within a spear's cast of the wall. There he reined his horse, and, with a scornful laugh, hurled his spear against the wall. It was a very noble cast, and I remember, even now, thinking of my leader with pride, knowing that there was no leader or soldier in Rome could cast a spear so grandly. It reached the topmost tier of the wall, and stood quivering in the woodwork of a tower. We laughed as the Romans near fled from that part of the wall; and then we rode away, and most of us presently left the sight of Rome for ever. We rode away into Southern Italy, and I thought that now my chance of seeing my brother and sister was gone, for that Rome and them

I should never again see. I was wrong, for Rome I saw many times, and them also; and at that time they were not in Rome, but in Capua, and were even now suffering with the suffering Capuans. They had reached Capua but seven days before the Romans closed around it; and I will tell why they left Rome, and how they came to Capua, and what befell them there. It is a sad story, and yet it is not sad; for it shows that which is finer than success to see, namely, great nobleness.

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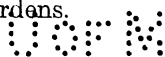
## CHAPTER XIV

### IKETORIX IN ROME

STRABO had become more feeble in his body, and his merriment was not so great as it had been. He drank much wine, but repented when the drinking was passed; and he loved to speak—no, not loved to speak, but persisted in speaking—of the end of life, and wondered what would come after. He bethought him of everything that he had done that might give offence to a god, and offered a sacrifice thereon, to purge it. From every stranger he asked about the gods that he knew, and the rites that they loved, and made sacrifice to all of whom he heard, in one way or another. He would go to the side of boats and ships bound for all places, and lay in them little strips of his parchment with the legend, "Strabo sends this to Jupiter Ammon—or to Venus of Eryx"; and if the sailors feared bad luck from the offering, or scorned it and threw it overboard, he would say, "On your heads be it!" He kept a scroll

for record of all the gods to whom he had made offerings, as he called them—some little paste of wet flour moulded into the shape of a cow, or a pig, or what not—and before he died the list was 197. So many friends had he, so he thought, to greet him below. But yet he was not happy; and yet also he ceased not to lie and to boast—not for his profit, I think, so much as because he found amusement therein, and because it was according to his nature.

On a day in June, three years after Cannæ, he mounted the northern wall, and sat, as he was wont, on the battlements looking over the Campus, and at the men there exercising. He was, as usual, discoursing on his own merits to those who listened, and sat in complete laziness, speaking of his empire on the Rhone, and telling many other tales, as to which, had he received a lash for every one which was false, he had been beaten to death; speaking of Gauls, chieftains, and commons trembling at his nod, and guided by his wisdom—when there appeared on the northern road a cavalcade of strange appearance, which drew the attention of his listeners from him. It was a squadron of thirty horsemen. Each rider was in height six feet, broad, square, and strong. The horses were small but wiry, and moved with ease under their great burdens.



They came on slowly, each man seeming to know that he was good to look upon. Every man on the plain not under arms turned to look at them, and the northern walls were presently crowded with citizens who had come to look at the sight. When the strangers came near the gate, Strabo cried in extraordinary astonishment, "Iketerix!" And for once he spoke truth. He descended the steps and went to the gate with friendly feeling. When Iketerix rode in at the gate, Strabo in his highest manner advanced and spoke to him; and the crowd looked with reverence and curiosity at the meeting between the two. Iketerix, when he saw Strabo, looked at him, and his face reddened; he dismounted from his horse, and Strabo stood still, like a potentate, to receive him. Iketerix said—

"Is thy mistress well?"

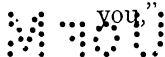
"She is," said Strabo; "and so am I."

"Commend me to her," said Iketerix. "Say that I beg leave to visit her."

"I give you leave," said Strabo. "And you may have the advantage of seeing me also. She lives with me."

"Where, I beg you?" said Iketerix. "I come to visit her in chief."

"Ask any man in the street, or the forum, or the senate where Strabo dwells, and he will tell you," said Strabo very loftily. "Farewell."



He extended his hand upwards as though he blessed Iketorix, and departed through the respectful throng

The Gauls went on to the forum, and, being lodged near it, made so much of their interest, that the chieftain was brought into the senate, on the next day, to do his business. Stately, grave, and stern, the Roman fathers sat round on their benches—the Consul seated on the great curule chair in the centre of the ring. And stately entered through the great portals Iketorix and his two henchmen.

“Who art thou, and whose errand dost thou?” said the Consul, Sempronius Gracchus; he was the same who had fought against us at the Trebia.

“I am Iketorix the Gaul—a king; and I do no man’s errand. I speak my own; and this is not the first time that a Gaul hath spoken to Roman senators in the Roman senate.”

The senators frowned; the Consul said, “Say thy word.”

“I say it,” said Iketorix, not fearful at the silence and the sternness around. “I come a king of 100,000 warriors who withstood Hannibal on the Rhone bank, helping Rome, to propose an alliance with Rome, and asking for a legion to garrison the river bank.”

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"Wherefore should the Romans send a legion to the river Rhone?" said the Consul coldly.

"To hinder that which happened, lest it happen again," said Iketorix. "In Spain is Hasdrubal, who will march into Italy as Hannibal marched. He can be stopped on the Rhone."

"Art thou the king?" said the Consul.

"I am," said Iketorix.

"Have not thy countrymen driven thee out?" said the Consul sternly. "And dost thou not want the Roman legions to restore thee? Thou art not a king, nor an ambassador, but a suppliant; and thou hast lied to the Roman senate."

Iketorix held his head up high, but spoke not.

The Consul said, "Stand forth, Intutomarus." Then Intutomarus stood forward, and said that he was lord of Iketorix's kingdom; and that but for his following of thirty warriors, Iketorix had no warriors to help him; and this was proved against Iketorix. Then the Consul said, "What vote give you, Torquatus?"

"I say that he deserves death; for what thou sayest is so, and he denies it not."

"What vote give you, Regulus?"

"I say that he deserves slavery," said Regulus. "Let him and his retinue be taken into the market

and sold under the spear. They will make fine grooms and porters."

Twelve lictors approached the three men, and after a short struggle the three were overpowered and bound; and the senators voted on the question of their treatment, without the manifestation of any excitement. The next day the thirty were sold under the spear.

Strabo had told Kallinice of his meeting with Iketorix; and she said to Publius Scipio, "I have somewhat to ask of thee."

Scipio was overjoyed to hear it, saying, "I hope it is a hard thing."

"It is," said she, "that thou bring Iketorix, and take him to thy house, letting him be thy porter or serve thee; and treat him kindly, even if he be at first stubborn."

Thus Iketorix came into the house of Scipio, and became the porter at the door. His necklet was taken from his neck, and he bore it easily—more easily than his companions their slavery; they were laid in irons for many days before they were willing to serve their masters. The little slaves in the house mocked Iketorix, but he answered not nor beat them. His service was to open the door to knocking, and the first who knocked when he had taken his place were Kallicles and Kallinice, who came to thank Publius

for the grace he had granted them. They greeted Iketorix, and his face went red and pale, and the tears burst from his eyes.

"Iketorix the king is a slave," he said to Kallinice, "and for thee."

My sister touched his arm, and he trembled. Then they went forward, and through the gate, and into the ladies' hall, where the younger Cornelia was, and Publius.

"I thank thee," said my sister. "If the Romans will be kind thus, they shall rule the world."

"They shall rule the world," said Scipio. "But I think not with kindness." Then fell they to talk of the world and its ways, and statesmanship.

My brother said, "There must be kindness in empire. Obedience is not the only virtue of subjects, nor command the only virtue of rulers; but rather, if one word is to be found, it is 'development.'"

"Thou lovest not the great Roman type," said Scipio; "loyalty, and steadiness, and courage."

"I love it, but it should add to itself. Thou must provide virtues for leisure as well as for fighting, if thou wouldst be a true governor, and know something of beauty and truth as well as power. And know, too, that there is beauty beside that of form; beauty in words,

beauty in sights, and"—and here my brother's voice faltered—"beauty in sorrow and in deformity."

Scipio's face coloured, and he rose to his feet, with generosity shining in his face. He said, "Thou speakest of deformity. Let me speak too. I would take thy body, to have thy soul."

Kallinice raised herself too, and bowed to him; and Cornelia looked timidly at that which she hardly understood.

Publius said, "Have I pleased thee, Kallinice?"

"Ay," said she, still standing, while the great chamber seemed too small for her, "and the gods also. The day shall come when Rome shall be as thou sayest—a queen with many crowns. Thy hand shall crown her with one. And men shall tell of the manner of the crowning as long as there are men on the earth." Then she turned pale, and wept—why, my brother knew, but Publius knew not. As they began to go out there was a loud knocking at the door of the house, and they held back. Iketorix had forgot his place, and the door was opened by another. Lucius Scipio stood without. He said, "Iketorix, why opened you not the door?"

Iketorix stood above him, and answered nothing. Lucius pointed to the darker part of the house, and a slave came forward with a thong in his

hand. Six strong slaves followed him. They laid their hands on Iketorix, with laughing.

"Six lashes," said Lucius.

But then Publius, and my brother, and Kallinice came. Publius said, thinking of Kallinice, "I pray thee forgive him this time, Lucius."

"I will not," said Lucius; and six blows descended on the shoulders of Iketorix.

"Now," said Lucius, "open the door for me." Iketorix stood still. "Again," said Lucius, making a signal to the slave with the lash.

My sister approached Iketorix, and said, "I pray thee open the door." Iketorix opened it without a word, and then my brother and sister went out.

Lucius laughed, and said, "Publius, thou seest I have conquered. Thou art too gentle."

Publius said, "Lucius, some day, when thou managest men, things will go wrongly with thee."

Then said Lucius, "And I tell thee, Publius, some day, even soon, things will go wrongly with thee, for the Greeks thou hast about thee. Thou art said to think more of them than of Romans, and it is thought or known that they are traitors. Even to-day in the senate the Consul spoke, not of thee, but of these Greeks thou dost consort with. Two traitors have been found, both Greeks, and they will be crucified to-day."

As he spoke there was a roar outside the house, so loud that the two young men both went through the house again towards the street. Standing under the great stone porch, they saw a strange sight. Six lictors were in the way, and in their charge Kallicles and Kallinice, whom they had seized. Around them was an excited crowd, roaring and hooting, crying, "Death to the Greeks, the traitors!" The younger Scipio went to the lictors, and said, "What do you?" Behind him was Iketorix.

"We take these Greeks, man and woman, to the prætor, on the order of the Consul. The charge is treason. A letter hath been found on a shepherd passing through the southern gate, written by their slave, so it is believed, to Hannibal. The prætor Sergius sits now in the forum, and two lictors bring the slave also before him."

The lictor was a short, strong man, armed with his axe and rods, and he spoke not without a certain exultation of tone, as being a client of Galba, and not loving Greeks.

Publius, and behind him Iketorix, followed the prisoners to the forum, and there already was Strabo, pale and trembling.

"Stand forward, Nillo, and give thy testimony," said the prætor.

The court was crowded to its full capacity,

and outside the streets were full of angry Romans.

There stood forward a young man with fair hair and blue eyes. His features were sharp, his nose hooked, and he seemed as sleepless and keen as a weasel. He said, "I was posted as under-warder at the south gate, to watch those who passed, since the Consul had suspicion of treachery. At nightfall, as the gates were being shut, I challenged a man who passed, nearly the last, going on to the Appian Way. He answered not, but moved quickly forward into the darkness. I discharged my arrow upon him; he fell, and I found him near the causeway dead, with the paper in his buskin which the prætor holds."

A deep murmur of fierce approbation was made by the crowd. The prætor stood up in his place; he held a paper in his hand. "This is the writing," said he: "'The lines will close round Capua in thirteen days.' Underneath there is the letter S, and a scimitar drawn. I ask the prisoners, 'Do they know the paper?'"

Kallicles answered, "No." Kallinice answered, "No." Strabo answered, "No." The first two spoke strongly, and without fear; but Strabo seemed more dead than alive.

The prætor frowned, and said, "Stand forward, Festus, and give thy evidence."

Festus, who was a lictor of the Consul, stood forward, with his axe and rods inclined on his shoulder. He said, "Yesterday, at the first watch of the night, I saw the dead man leave the house wherein the three prisoners live."

Then said the prætor, "For this year the senate hath believed that Hannibal hears news of what they determine. Suspicion hath fallen in many places, and once on these prisoners before this. Now it hath fallen thus again. It is a matter of state import that the treachery should be stopped. The male prisoner, the young one, hath been known also to deride Rome and Romans in song and speech. How say you, judges? Is this treachery proven?"

An urn was being taken from the great closet near the chair of the prætor, when a loud cry was heard from the concourse outside the bar. It was from Iketorix, who had made his way into the court with Scipio. He called loud, "Stop!" and then again, "I, Iketorix the Gaul, have testimony."

The prætor said, "Advance and give it."

Iketorix advanced into the body of the court, and stood in front of the three prisoners, looking at Kallinice the while he spoke. He said, "The



writing is mine. The treachery is mine. These Greeks know none of it."

"How sayest thou?" said the prætor. "Thou placest thy head in a lion's mouth."

The people lifted their hands threateningly towards him, and seemed as though they would have torn him to pieces, did they but stir. Strabo seemed amazed. Iketorix said, "I came to Rome three days ago, pretending an embassy. I came to be a spy for the Carthaginians." Still as he spoke, he looked at my sister strangely and piteously, and with reproach. She looked on him as upon one who is lost. With his eyes still on her, he said, "These Greeks know nothing of it. I left the door of Scipio's house last night when night fell, and gave the writing to him who placed it where yon ferret found it."

He folded his arms, and looked once round at the faces ravening upon him, and then again at my sister. In the tumult she heard him say, "Lady, he who has been a king endures not to be a slave; and since I can die for thee, thus I do." There was no time for him to speak more, for the people burst upon him, and laid their hands upon him. Still until they held him he looked at Kallinice, as though the rest, prætor, court, and people, were naught to him. Then,

before the lictors could help him, he was done to death; and they rescued a dead man only from the people's fury.

Then said the prætor, "The gods have spoken through the Roman people. Their will be done. But yet suspicion remains with these three, and these are not times when suspicion may be disregarded. How say you, judges? Can they remain?"

"No," said each judge. "Let them quit Rome straightway, not returning to their homes. This is the sentence. Lictors, take them to the gate."

## CHAPTER XV

### CAPUA

THUS, without speech or further communication with the Romans, did Kallicles and Kallinice and Strabo quit Rome, marching on the Appian Way. As they passed the tomb where the Scipios lay buried, my brother turned aside and made an offering to the dead ; but no more did they see any of those who had greatly befriended them, nor knew they ever in what repute their memory was with Publius. But when they thought on all that had happened, they feared his interpretation thereon.

As they walked beyond the tomb, on the way, Strabo said, "Had not the people been so quick, I think I had spoken."

"Was it thy scroll?" said my brother.

"Ay," said Strabo ; "and I sorrow more than I have ever sorrowed but once in my life."

What my sister thought about Strabo's statement that he would have informed against himself, I do not know ; but my brother had more than doubt that it was not true. Nevertheless he

said little, knowing that men, even the best of them, are but human, and having ever looked upon Strabo as in the second class of men for goodness.

My sister was very sorrowful, not because she feared the future, but because she grieved for the past. Presently she said, "Let us go to some city that is not Roman. My soul loathes Rome."

"Let us go to Capua then," said Kallicles.

"Nay," said Strabo; "that will be presently in siege."

"Hannibal will save it," said my brother.

"Let us to Capua, at first," said my sister, "and then to Athens."

Strabo considered what reason he could give against Capua. But there was none; for a Roman city he too feared, and he thought also that the greatest city was the hardest to take. Thus without more words they went on to Capua, Strabo saying, "This move is less to us than to others. We have learnt wisdom by travelling. I have my belt on me, and thou too, Kallicles, and thou too, Kallinice. We are without a home, but not without what is better and will get a home for us—money."

Thus they went to Capua; and they were within the walls of Capua when we viewed the

city from without, a month later. And there too one of them, Strabo, stayed for ever.

When they reached the city gate, riding all three on mules, they were led before the senate. For here everything was done in copy of Rome; but the stern, strong spirit of Rome was not there, and they all three drew their breaths more freely. One man, Vibius Virrus by name, seemed to lead the others. He asked them their name and business, and they told him freely, speaking now as equals to equals, and not as slaves and of no account. Strabo also showed the mark upon his rib, and spoke much of his sufferings. They were welcomed by the people and by the senate heartily; and Strabo threw himself at once into the politics of Capua, as he had thrown himself into Roman politics, even with the treachery included in his behaviour. The life at Capua was light, and my sister liked it not, nor my brother, and they kept themselves alone; but Strabo had no disgust at it, but rather a liking for it, and was in the midst of it, always boasting; and when he spoke of his time at Rome, it seemed that almost he was to seek the Consulate in the next year; he said that many had begged him to canvass for it. He drank much, and seemed less ashamed of drinking than he was when in Rome; indeed, in Capua few men or women felt shame. The slaves and the

citizens would have him with them in the taverns, and there was he continually, drinking and lying, and bidding the citizens trust to Hannibal.

In twenty days the Roman armies closed around the city; then my sister rejoiced, and her eyes were light. She thought with all the others that now Hannibal would come. "I shall see him and do something for him," she thought. But the Roman lines were close, and strongly guarded. Then the Carthaginian army was seen far away, circling on the hills, and sometimes coming down into the plain. And sometimes a convoy was threatened, sometimes a feint was made. Then presently, to all men's dismay, the army withdrew. Still men expected a return of it; but it returned not. Then Strabo became more Roman in his way of thinking, and planned how he might do the Romans some service, and so be safe. He was practised in the ways of deceit, and knew how to make himself a traitor. He applied for the post of accredited spy to Rome, and offered incredible advantages if it were secured to him. But the post was held already, and indeed by very many men. Still he would be doing something; and thus at last the senators fell into a suspicion of him, and he was accused. So, to save himself, he became very Capuan in speech, and advised a sortie, saying that he knew

of slackness in a part of the lines; and he confessed that he had indeed communicated with his friends in the Roman lines, but only to lure their army to ruin. The senators approved of the sortie, and lots were drawn to settle who should be of the party. Five hundred men were to go. One lot fell on Kallicles; he told me this when we met, long after, with weeping and sorrow; saying also, "My brother, Strabo, whom we mocked as a coward, was not always a coward;" and I too at last saw that he was not, and I honoured him for the first time in my life. My brother said:—

"I knew not of the sortie or the lot-drawing, only afterwards I knew it; for Strabo invented all his story to save himself from imminent danger. It was necessary that on that night one man from our habitation should go to the market-place and answer to my name; and go, not to victory, but to death. My brother, on that night, at evening, Strabo came home pale and silent. I said, 'Strabo, for shame! thou art drunken again. Does it not shame thee to live like a beast?' Kallinice looked at him scornfully, and spoke not. So he sat until the night fell, and within the room it became dark. He moved not, but looked from one to other of us, and sobbed. My sister said, 'Strabo, my father would have

schooled thee better than we have schooled thee.' 'Thy father! Kallistratus!' said Strabo, bursting into maudlin weeping. Presently we heard the tramp of many feet passing in the street. I said to Strabo, for he knew what was done in the city, 'Who walks so late, and men so many?' He rose from his seat, pale, and muttering words without sense. Then he stared at me, and seemed as if he would choke; then the sound of the last footfall died away, and all was quiet. Then he arose again from his seat, and fell at my sister's feet, and kissed them. She spurned him from her, but he clasped her feet with his arms and kissed them, though heartily she scorned him. Then he rose and came to me, seeming to stagger, and sobbing. He felt on my neck and kissed my cheeks. I smote him fiercely on the face, but he did not heed nor wince, only he moved towards the door. Thereby hung his sword. He took it down, and buckled the belt round his body. I scarce knew whether to beat him again or to laugh, so strange a figure he seemed. His fingers fumbled while he buckled the belt on him, for it was long since he wore a sword; while I stamped in anger, and was wiping my cheek from that which I thought the pollution of his kiss. When the belt was buckled he faced us, unmindful of our anger and scorn. Ah! my brother, I

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counsel thee, be not over-hasty with any man, slave or other. There is more about each man than the rest know, and I would give all I have, beside thee and my sister, to have withheld my scorn that evening. As he stood we wondered at him. His tears had ceased, though his breast still heaved somewhat. There seemed some greatness about him, in spite of his shape and face. Then he said, 'Farewell, Kallinice! Farewell, Kallicles! Ere morning dawns you will forgive me.'

"He went out, and alive we never saw him again. He answered to my name in the market-place, and marched on the Roman lines, to what he well knew was death. Fifty men alone of the five hundred that left the gate that night returned to the gate again. Kallinice and I mourned for him. That was all we could do; for there he died, even under the Roman lines far away."

When Capua was taken, my brother and sister were sold as slaves, and bought by one Marcus Boëbius, who was a colonist, and a good man. He lived at Venusia. There they lived for fourteen years, until he died. By his will he set them free, and they went to Brundisium; and from thence, according to their plan, they crossed to Athens, and there they lived until I saw them.

## CHAPTER XVI

### DESERTION

I HAVE said that I had been long discontented with my place, and that I longed to change it. I was familiar with Hannibal, and had lost that reverence for him which I once had; I had lost it because I was not great enough to feel it. I was, I think, twenty-eight years old when Capua fell, and when the ruin of Rome seemed at last not a thing to be accomplished. I did not see then, what I see now that life has less hold on me, that a man may be greater in adversity than in success, and that so it was with Hannibal. Wherefore I became listless, and longed for change. I remembered my father's sayings in the old days, and the oracles which he made. He was sure that the Romans would win, and I also was sure now. I believe that Hannibal himself, too, thought so.

Too well I remember one day when we had ridden round a part of the wall of Tarentum (which, as to the city itself, was once our own),

as we drew bridle on the little hill to the eastward from which the long street in the city can be seen, that Hannibal looked silent upon the street for a while, and we saw an old man in armour, with a retinue, ride into the square. He dismounted at the gate of the prytaneum, and the soldiers made a guard for him as he entered, and saluted him. We were only a little more than a bowshot from the city walls, and saw the old man plainly. He was bent with age, and his movements were feeble. Hannibal called me from the troop, and Mutines was jealous as always. Hannibal, who knew always what each man's thought was, said, "Nay, Mutines, the question I shall ask cannot be answered by thee. I must carry my confidence once more to the well." What he meant I did not know; and when I asked him that evening, he laughed only, and said that some day I should know, but that the Athenians were always dull in wits. But when he called me I rode to him, and he said—

"What did thy father say to me and Iketorix ten years ago? Was it not that the Romans would win?"

"Yes," I said.

"And what thinkest thou?"

I said smoothly, "One swallow does not make a summer."

Again he laughed, and said, "We trade with Attic coin; I had rather with Punic. Or say not with Punic, for that is too like Attic; say Hannibal's. But that I am not a king, and coin no money. Nor shall I," said he, turning round to me.

"If the gods please," said I.

"And if my soldiers please, and my friends—my friends." As he said these words, I could not keep the red from my face, or the shame from my heart. Then his manner changed, and he spoke to us all in another tone. "Ye saw him who entered. Was it not Fabius?"

"Fabius," said we.

"He looks a noble master," said he. "Is it not so?" said he to me. And he added, looking at me as before he had never looked, "Be at my tent at sunrise to-morrow."

The retinue looked strangely at me, and in the camp that evening each man hardly greeted me. In the morning at sunrise I went towards the door of his tent, as I had done ten years before. I was sick now, to know that he loved me not. I advanced, not knowing well what awaited me. There were four soldiers at the tent door. I well remember who they were—Soctes, and Carpas, and Dacis, and Mangras. In the army the soldiers would even fight for the post of guarding

his tent, though it was irksome to stand sentry the day through and the night through. They looked coldly at me, and I entered. He was there, placed exactly as I had seen him ten years before when I first at sunrise entered his tent, his armour and couch the same to see, and his bearing. I see him now; the sound of his voice is still in my ears, the look of his eyes still makes me cower. I see him now, seated, erect, with black hair, and unfurrowed brow, and eye of fire, with swarthy skin, and short lip curled, his head poised like a stag's. I would I had thrown myself at his feet, and begged him for grace; but I stood uncertain before him. Then he spoke. "Ten years is long for thee to keep faith; thou hast broken it, and made communication with Romans in Tarentum. But I have kept my faith with thee. Thou hast longed to be with Romans; therefore go."

I could not speak; I could not think. I had done as he said. I was shamed and stunned. I stretched my arms towards him and sobbed. He rose and turned his head half away from me, lifting his arm. I turned and went from the tent, and Dacis and Mangras walked behind me. I mounted my horse and rode from the camp, a man without a friend or a hope.

As I rode and the sun shone, and after long

riding I ate and drank, my heart became higher. I began to forget the past, and to think of the future. I hoped still that I could make a great name for myself. I was a soldier now, and I knew the ways of war as Hannibal waged it; thus I thought I should be welcome among the Romans. I said to myself that it had not been a thing likely that I should remain to help a cause which was none of mine, when it was nearly lost, nor my country's; and that if Hannibal had been kind to me, so had I been of service to him, and interpreted men's speech for him, and been a good officer, and even a good leader of troops. Thus I rode, not knowing either myself or the Romans, and presently at evening I rode straight towards the Roman lines. I was taken at once before Marcellus; and saw for the first time him on whom the Romans so much trusted, calling him the sword of Rome. He was taller than Hannibal by the half of a palm's breadth, and more thickly set; a stern, strong man, without lightness or imagination, or pity or feeling, save a desire to uphold Rome. Hannibal had never beaten him, so his soldiers said. I knew better, but I did not contradict them. But I thought, "What does he near Venusia then?"

Two soldiers rode through the lines with me. The lines were straight and soldier-like. The

soldiers bade me dismount when I was at the gate, and presently I was before Marcellus.

"Who is this?" he said, fixing his stern eyes upon me.

"A Greek who has deserted from Hannibal," said one of my escort.

"A spy?" said Marcellus, frowning.

I cried out, "I would I were a spy. But I have parted from Hannibal for ever. I was at his right hand for ten years, and now he hath driven me away."

Marcellus looked at me with more interest, but not less scorn. "Punic faith!" he said, and laughed.

I saw that everything against Hannibal would help me, and that in many ways I needed help. I said, "Yes. I have formed his plans for ten years, and now he hath turned me away with only my sword and my horse. Nay," said I, looking ruefully at my sword, which my guide held, "they are taken. They are but like the rest of the world, which will be taken too, by armies such as this evening I have seen." I saw that many in the tent smiled. "Nay," I said, "why smile you? It is so. There are no armies like these; nor no state like Rome: if it is beaten once, it is the stronger for it, and wins now everywhere. When I am in the Roman army I see the reason of it

There is strength, order, courage, and there is a leader also. If ever I stood before a great leader, I stand now. I have lived with Hannibal, but he is feeble and false, and has won but by luck. Here is the true leader."

I know now that I did a shameful thing in so speaking, and so indeed I knew then ; but I was in fear and in hope, and I felt that the grimness of the spirits round me became less harsh as I spoke. I hid half my face, as though I were afraid to look upon Marcellus. The Romans murmured a little in approval, and Marcellus was not displeased. It is strange, as I have since always noted, that the Romans will accept any flattery and suspect nothing. They mostly themselves tell the truth ; but, I think, not because they love it, but because no Roman has the wit to invent a lie that any man could believe. And this is the reason that they think they hate lying. Marcellus asked me many questions, all of which I answered as it pleased me, thinking of my own position. He said, "How many men has Hannibal?"

I said, "Twenty thousand."

"Looks he for reinforcements from Carthage?"

"No, for none."

Marcellus conferred with his officers, and then said sternly to me, "This is strange. His country will send him nothing?"



I said, "Not strange, if thou knewest Hannibal. All men hate him—his own countrymen worst of all, and the Italians next. They look to Rome and Marcellus as deliverers. Hannibal knows that his day is done; that it was done when Marcellus was made general of the Roman armies. But he stays, because he hath nowhere to go."

I was presently sent away, and kept for weeks in the camp, being sent for from time to time to give information. I was with a guard night and day, chained to me by a chain. It was a bitter place for me, worse by a thousand times than that I had left; and I sorrowed heartily. I cannot write of these years of my life; they did but disgrace me. I was sent to Rome, with no place of my own, and no friends but those which I made by flattery. When I was in Rome, I sang, I recited, I danced; no man respected me. At last, when Publius Scipio came back to the city from Spain, I wrote in praise of him, and he called me to him—he knew me and my story—and, in kindness, placed me among his manuscripts, and spoke with me often. And there I copied and changed writings from my own tongue into the Roman tongue, spending my day with a pen in my right hand, and no other thought than the making of a letter or the substitution of a phrase, or writing also, from time to time, the

annals of the family of the Scipios. All lies were they that I wrote, but they pleased, and got me a home and bread. At last Publius Scipio crossed to Africa, and then did Hannibal leave Italy, and a howl of joy went up from every city. The very sky exulted. Then came the news of Zama, then the news of peace; and always I was writing and working in the library, not flattering much now, for my spirit had risen beyond that, and there was iron in my soul. Then was Scipio's homecoming and the triumph. I saw the captives, and almost wished myself with them; and I saw the flag which had waved over the tent of Hannibal, and his pennon, and the standard of the Spanish battalion. I wept till I could weep no more, and went back to the library, only longing to forget both myself and everything.

## CHAPTER XVII

### EMANCIPATION

I HAVE but a few more things to tell. Publius Scipio loved not life in Rome overmuch. It was too small and too much Roman for him. He was not sorry to go from it at any time, and when in Rome he fretted always. Nine years after Zama, he went as ambassador with two others to Ephesus, and gladly, to treat with King Antiochus, who was there. He took me in his company, that I might chronicle all that he did. We landed at Ephesus, and there was King Antiochus, and there also was—Hannibal.

Then said Scipio, "I will meet him again, and thou shalt be with me, and write that which we say, for men to read afterwards. When I meet Hannibal, the world should know what is said."

I heard him speak, with feelings which I cannot describe; nor say with what thoughts I went again into the presence of my master.

We went in the seventh month, in a full company, each man eager to see what he would

see. Every one talked to me of Hannibal, never heeding that which I felt. The Romans never heeded what was felt by another, and, indeed, they never knew or guessed. Every officer made interest with Scipio that he might be in the chamber of meeting; and with gay dress, and bright armour, and decorations, each man went, thinking that Hannibal should see the men that had beaten him out of Italy. The meeting was in the prytaneum; for, since there were many with Scipio, he so ordered. He rode to the door, and I rode with him, dressed in my gown. Scipio took his seat in the chief place, and his officers stood round him, each one thinking himself a great commander. Then the door opened again, and—a soldier entered. My head swam, tears rushed down my cheeks, I gasped for breath, and sobbed aloud. Twenty years had passed since last I saw him, and time had marked him sorely. His hair was worn from his forehead, deep wrinkles were ploughed into his skin, his movement was less alert, and his look was less buoyant. In old days his body moved as though chains would not have held it; but now his movement was less vivid and alert. Hope deferred and disappointed, baffled policy, the life of the hunted man, always seeking, never finding, and com-

pelled, if he would find at all, to humour the miserable kings of provinces in the East—all this had marked his face and bearing. But, for all this, he was the one man in the room, and the officers and Scipio seemed smaller—yes, and felt smaller—when he entered. One man was with him—Iachin, a Spaniard, who had been his agent in Rome, and escaped from it. Iachin looked with a haughty bearing on the Roman company, as though he would assert that his master was greater than any among them, and himself to be as great. In Hannibal there was none of this; simply erect and like a soldier, with a set face, courteous and grand, he entered and stood. Scipio rose and looked at him. He stood and looked at Scipio. Which felt master, I cannot say. Certainly, in that room was the one man that Scipio and the Romans one and all feared, feared beyond all cure; and certainly, also, had the gods given to Hannibal his dearest wish, they would have placed him, with an army that he had trained, in the field before Scipio, let him choose what troops he would. A chair was brought for Hannibal, and until it came Scipio sat not; then they both sat.

Scipio began to speak; he said, "Again I meet that Hannibal whose name fills the world."

Hannibal smiled sternly and said, "Thou

meetest Hannibal. It may be that my name filled the world; for I have fought against Rome." He bowed his head courteously as he spoke.

"The Romans speak of thee still," said Scipio, "as of a terror to them, and a captain the like of whom no Roman hath ever met in battle." He had a hard task to speak and yet be courteous, and not seem to be praising himself while he spoke. He would have done it, had there not been a certain thought of himself all the while; and thus his courtesy was not perfect. Perhaps Hannibal's task was easier, but he did not fail in it, nor did he use the keen weapon of talk, sarcasm, until that which may always call it forth, namely vanity, appeared very plainly in Scipio.

Hannibal said simply, "I think they do me too much honour, for there hath been a better captain than I am against them."

Scipio mused for a moment, then he said, "Whom then placest thou first among captains?"

"Amongst all captains meanest thou?" said Hannibal.

"All captains," said Scipio, raising himself, and looking at Hannibal with a confidence that had grown on him latterly. The company also thought to hear but one name, "Scipio's." But Hannibal still pondered. At last he said, quite simply, though I think he knew what was ex-

pected, and what those round him would feel, "Alexander the Macedonian."

There was a coldness in Scipio's voice as he said, "And why?"

"Because," said Hannibal, still speaking like one who pondered on a matter, "because he did most to bring together in war that which is most necessary—weight and movement. His phalanx had both. It could move, and it could stand. It was a moving castle, made of pikes and the bodies of men."

"Then," said Scipio, in a voice constrained, "whom dost thou place next?"

Hannibal half smiled, and mused again. Then he said, "Pyrrhus," naming my own countryman. Scipio did not speak, but frowned; and Hannibal went on, "Because he knew better than any, and taught men better how to choose a camp and strengthen it. There are no camps chosen and formed better than those of Pyrrhus in South Italy, though he first taught men the science of it."

Scipio then said, half contemptuously, "And whom next?" The Romans count themselves the children of Mars, and they are a martial nation; but their generals are naught. Hannibal sat a thought more erect, and there was a proud light in his eye as he answered again simply, "Myself."

The Romans breathed hard, and stirred in

anger. Scipio was disturbed, so much that he spoke in a bitter sarcasm not worthy of a true man. "What then wouldst thou have said hadst thou beaten me?" It was a thrust by a keen blade, but there was a keen blade to meet it.

Hannibal said, "Then should I have placed myself before Pyrrhus, and before Alexander."

Scipio's face flushed, and the Romans broke into applause. "Bene, bene!" they cried. "He taketh Scipio from the rank, as incomparable," and each man turned towards Scipio and saluted.

Those thick-witted Romans! They saw not the meaning that lay in Hannibal's speech, strange though it is to say so. But I think Scipio knew, and he blushed the more, and seemed uneasy. He knew that Hannibal meant, "Had I with my poor army at Zama, hampered as I was, beaten thee with thine, I should have done what no commander ever born could have done."

They talked, these two, for yet an hour, and always it was Scipio who asked and Hannibal who answered. I remember the last thing he said was that which I had heard him say once years before, "States with walled cities cannot be conquered by armies, but by states only. Thank the gods, Scipio, that behind you and your armies there is a state, though it is one that some men have small cause to love."

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I think the interview did not please Scipio. He went from it like a pupil from a lesson, and for an hour at least had been neither flattered nor execrated, but estimated only at his value as a man, with kindness and courtesy, by a man fit to value him, a greater than he was himself. I did not speak to Hannibal, nor see him at all again. He mounted his horse at the door, and when I could seek him he was gone, with Iachin in his train—Iachin alone. Men said that when he was in the camp of Antiochus there was another man, whom they called a general, above him; that before this man Hannibal brought his plans, and this general did scrutinise them and commonly reject them, once saying to him, "This is not war you offer. I have served many years, and I know what war is." Many others also thought little of him, as I know, having heard them talk. Thus Hannibal did naught, proposing nothing, for nothing came of what he proposed; still he was not fretful nor grumbled. Truly, a mad place the world is. When I think of this, I think too of a thing which I saw at Ephesus, in the house of Leptines, where Scipio was feasted. Leptines was an Asiatic Greek. In his garden, which lay (a great garden) behind his house, there was a cage, in which there sat, on a bar stretched from

side to side, the finest eagle I think that ever a man saw. Leptines was proud of it, and after supper we walked round the cage and saw it. Leptines tried to make it unfold its wings, but it would not. It sat on the bar and regarded us not. Its keen eye, which could look at the sun, blinked drowsily, from indifference to that which it saw around it. Its wings, which could have carried it to heights unknown to man, were motionless by its side. Its strong talons only clasped the bar; its brave heart beat, but for nothing. It fluttered not in its cage, nor tormented itself to our sight; but its life was lost. Then as we looked there flew a sparrow in through the bars; it fluttered round the cage, clinging first to one perch and then another, satisfied, and twittering the while. This is what it seemed to me to say, "O creature great but heavy, strong but useless, thou canst not fly; it is a pity for thee that thou art not skilled for it. But I can fly, and reach the house-tops, and pass up and down in the streets. Pray let me teach thee how to fly. Thou seemest to have something by thee like wings; perchance thou couldst learn to fly, though not so well as I fly, who have been born to it, and always practised it. Yet perchance thou couldst fly enough for some purpose."

The sight of Hannibal made me hate my

place. The sight of his constancy, the ease with which he rose to a greater height than Scipio, talking with him; the calmness of soul with which he viewed Scipio's renown, the majesty of constancy with which he went again to his own purpose, as though this only in all the world were fit company for him, filled me again with admiration for him. I loathed my own slavish life, and presently I begged Scipio to send me to Athens, that there I might copy volumes for him, knowing myself that there only I could gather again my respect of myself. He sent me, and my heart glowed with high thoughts once more as I left the Romans and neared my country. I thought of my father, my mother, and Kallicles and Kallinice, and became something of a man again, distinguishing between good and evil. I was Roman no more, nor Carthaginian; but when I saw Athene's spear shining like a beacon far away, my country spoke to me, and I became Athenian. Presently Salamis was on my left hand, and before me the Piræus, and temples on the Acropolis, unmatched for beauty.

Then I landed, and saw the soil of my country. The sun was past the meridian. I sat in bewilderment on a stone on the quay, as far from the present as a man can be. Then I turned my head towards the temple of the virgin goddess,

and thought of my sister's speech, the last I had heard her make. Many times in these days it had been my chief thought; but the sight of my fatherland, and the placing of my feet on Athenian soil, put even my sister from my thoughts for a while. But now I rose and went towards the temple, not heeding whom I met, nor that on which I trod, nor the sky above me; and so at last up the hill to the Acropolis, and to the Maiden's temple. No man can see it unmoved, and yet I so saw it, thinking only of my own. Then I lifted my eyes, and saw the great statue of Athene, the shining of whose spear I had seen even when I was on the sea; and seeing the statue, I seemed to see my sister. I fell on my knees before it, and cried, "O Athene, goddess dear, give me back my own." I rose and went forward panting, and sat beneath a pillar on the north side, and waited, dreading lest I should wait for nothing. The sun went slowly down the sky, and the shadows grew longer slowly. At last as I trembled, slowly from the city a woman came. When I saw her I rose, and my heart beat so loudly that it seemed as if it would strike my breast asunder. Tall and most stately she climbed the hill, dressed in white garments, and in her hand a staff, and on the staff a fillet of wool fastened. Her hair was grey, and her face pale, and furrowed with

deep wrinkles, and it was as though sorrow herself sat throned in her eyes; in them there was a look yearning, not tearful, but dry of tears long ago. As she came nearer and nearer I noted all this, and watched her earnestly. I saw her lift her hands before the statue. Her voice came to me where I stood, in tones deep and full. She said, "O Athene, goddess mine, hear me on thy throne. Maiden pure in heart, hear me, thy maiden pure in heart. Other goddess have I none to call but thee. O maiden, save my love, and be at his right hand in his need. And save my brother, and lift up his head, and send him to me; in glory or shame, yet send him back to me." I lifted my arms, and with a cry I went, I know not how, towards her; and I remember no more until I waked again, and found her hand soothing me, as she was wont to soothe me thirty years before. She brought me water and bathed my head, and her tears fell like joyful rain. She kissed me, and said, "Thou art come, Kallistratus, the well beloved, the longed for. O glad day! glad to me and to my brother."

"My brother!" said I; "lives he still?"

"He lives," said she; "and when thou canst stand upright, we will go to him."

I stood upright, and went with her down the

hill; and we three lived that evening in happiness, speaking of all that had passed since we were together last. But one thing turned my sister from me, that I had not stayed with Hannibal. Still, when I spoke of him as I felt, and of my regret, and of all my trouble, she forgave me, though she wondered at me.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### IN ATHENS

THIS is the last piece of my record, and it is sorrowful. There is in it nothing but that which comes at last to every one, and must finish every record. The life which we lived at Athens was never much to my mind. It was all too small. My sister seemed content with it, and my brother. They saw their neighbours, and talked with them, and, if they were sick, visited them. But I cared nothing for this, nor yet for the assembly, and the quarrelling about customs and tonnage, and elections of men to manage such small matters. One day was like another, and I have been very weary of them all.

Then my brother grew more feeble. One morning when Kallinice was buying our food, and he lay on his pallet, he said to me, "Brother, I go a long way to-day."

I guessed what he meant, but I loved not to speak of such things with him. It always seemed to me as if his affairs were small. I said, "Babæ !

there is no need to speak of things like this now."

"Ay," said he, "but there is." I looked at him, and saw that his face was changed. I knelt beside him, and kissed him.

He said, speaking with labour, "My brother, love Kallinice, and tend her. For that only I would live. Otherwise the world is too rough and full of noise for men who are weak and womanish." He said this, and his face was drawn, and he began to pant. I had seen many men die, but never a man in his bed. I wished for Kallinice. Soon she came. He opened his eyes and looked at her, and at me; then his breath grew shorter, and while she kissed him, and he smiled, even then he died.

It was a strange thing to me, that when next day he was carried out, the whole city came to his burying. The street from sunrise was full of people. At the grave a choir of maidens sang a hymn made by him, and then Nikostratus the prytanis stood on high and spoke; he called my brother "Tyrtæus," and praised him. There was a sound of weeping, but Kallinice wept not. But she looked round the throng with her eye kindling. His grave was covered with ornaments and offerings which the people made for him to the shades below.



From that day, each morning Kallinice laid a flower on the place where he lay; and then she went to the Piræus to see if a ship had come in, and talked with the sailors, and heard what news there was. She seemed to hunger for news, and to want something which came not to her. She visited any that were sick, and nursed them, and talked to children—never, I think, smiling excepting when she beheld a child. Very wasted she grew, and old to see; her hair became as white as snow, and the wrinkles were ploughed ever deeper on her face.

One day—it is now near a year ago, and this is the second year of the one hundred and forty-ninth Olympiad and the fifth day of waning Boedromion—came Kallinice from the Piræus sooner than her wont. On the morning of that day a ship had come from Smyrna which had talked with the sailors of a trireme that was going in haste to Rome. Tidings it bore, tidings to the great city, which all there would rejoice to hear; not that a battle had been won, not that a province had been subdued, but the trireme went with all haste, with the haste of those who bear great tidings. Far away from Rome, or Greece, or the great cities of the world, had that happened which they were to tell. No armies were there, no noise had been, no hurrah, no wailing. It was

but the death of a man of which they were to tell—not a prince, or the head of a host; but one man, a solitary forsaken man. In a lone place died he. Four only were there to see when he died; and round the house wherein he was only thirty men, who crept like murderers on him. And yet from that place the tidings of that death were heard through the whole world. Each man, wherever men were, said to his neighbour, “Hast thou heard?” and each man, when he heard, was still and pondered. In Rome, the great city, which had no fears now, but glory only, whose nobles and citizens conjured everywhere with her name—in Rome each man heard, and breathed more freely. For Hannibal was dead! When Kallinice heard it, at the Piræus, she came back to the house and sat upon her chair, and said, “Hannibal is dead. The slayers stood round his house; then he took from his finger a ring, and swallowed what was therein, and died.” She leaned forward, and rested her head on her hand, and sobbed like a little child. I sat and watched her. Then she rose and said, with sobs—

“O Hannibal, brave and tender and true, lord of thyself and mankind, who knit men’s hearts to thee by thy greatness, in which was no flaw. O Hannibal, sad, lone, disappointed, was there none to help thee? Sad and outcast thou didst die, O

king of men, who yet hadst no servant, no friend, nor any hope to be disappointed, when thou didst die. Oh hear me now ! From the day thou didst mark me first, I loved thee ; loved thee more than maiden ever loved a man. In my heart has been thine image ever, tended purely there. I would I had died for thee, my prince and love."

I checked her not, for my heart was full, and I heard her speak of the strange matter of her loving, whereof I had not guessed. Then presently went I down to the quay. I saw there, round the crew of the trireme, gathered all that was Roman in Athens, all asking and talking and laughing, and saying, "He is dead ! He is dead !" My anger rose, and rose more and more as I watched, until I felt on fire with fury. Then to the captain of the ship, from the crowd, there went a man, old and grey, yet stark and unbent. By his side there hung a sword, the like of which I had not seen for many a long year. It was long and straight, and edged on both sides, and I knew it for one that some of the Iberians were wont to carry. His limbs were stiff as he moved, but his shoulders were square, and in his eye there was light. I thought, "That man hath been once other than he is now ; he hath been taught to do a soldier's duty ;" and I marked him well. He went to where the captain of the ship stood—a tall man

—and loud and strong; and standing squarely before him, said, with a pale face, “How say you, sir?—that Hannibal is dead!”

“Ay,” said the captain, “old beggar man, dead as yon stockfish! And the world is rid of him, and has one butcher and liar the less.” Then he laughed again, and all those round him laughed with him.

I saw the face of the other flush, and a sob rose in his throat, which checked his speech. Then as the captain misnamed Hannibal, he frowned and looked terrible to see.

“Be silent,” he cried. I thought, “That voice have I surely heard before; it is a voice that hath given command to soldiers ere now; and the man too I know.” But the captain laughed the more, yet reddened in face, with some anger; then he said, “How now, beggar!” and smote the other hard in the face.

“Smite me,” said the old man; “I care not. But say not one word against the dead, or thou shalt answer to me for it.”

The captain looked angrily on the old man, and smote him again in the face, so that some in the crowd called “Shame!” The old man spoke no word; his spirit seemed to have left him.

Then the captain cried, “Away with thee,

coward and kill-joy ! else I will send thee where the butcher Hannibal is gone."

When he said this, the spirit came again to the old man ; his face was set as though it had been hewed out of flint. He spoke not a word, but drew his sword from his side, and placed himself as a man ready to fight. The captain drew not, only looked surprised, and laughed again, but less loudly. Then the other struck him with his sword lightly ; and I knew by the way he handled it that he had skill in the use of it. I wondered still more where I had met him before. Then the captain drew, and swept his great sword around ; but the other gave no ground, nor received any wound, but fought, though stiffly, yet with excellent fence, and pressing on the other, he drove him backward ; then he rushed in with a Spanish cry, and drove the sword through his body. Then he drew it back and looked at it ; he seemed amazed, and to wonder at himself. The crowd rushed on him, to take him ; he made no movement to stand against them ; and they haled him, as if he had been just a simple old man and child-like, and as harmless as a child, to the court. The dicasts were sitting, and I heard them try him. The dicasts were afraid, for the slain man was a Roman, and the crew, who were Roman also,

were in the court. Men gave witness of the deed, but the old man seemed not to hear what they said; but sometimes he muttered to himself. At last the dicasts asked him, had he anything to say, that he had killed this noble Roman? He looked on them and said nothing, as though to speak were superfluous. Then asked they him again, more in wonder than otherwise; and the Romans in the court were noisy, and pressed forward. "Hast thou aught to say," said the dicasts, "that thou didst kill this noble Roman?"

Then he looked up and said, "This noble Roman, that I did kill him? Why, so I did, and many another Roman too. At Cannæ, in the plain, and by the lake, and on the river, I killed them, and no man questioned me, 'Had I aught to say?'" He laughed, half scornfully, half carelessly; and then his voice became stronger, and sounded like a trumpet in the ears of all the people. "Charge! charge!" he shouted. "Upon them in the road! Slay them! Yes, I slew them; but they did naught but try to withstand my master. But this man miscalled him in his talk. There was a time"—and he lifted up his hands—"when as we marched no man dared—no, nor wished—to whisper even to the air against him; when Roman nobles shook

at the very voice that spoke his name, and, when they saw him, ran as sheep run. In the field he slew them; but when they were dead, he buried them, and he did grace to them. And because he is dead, shall men miscall him? No, not when Dacis is near."

He moved towards the Roman crew, who had at first threatened him, but were still now. And I knew him for Dacis the Spaniard, with whom Hannibal himself sometimes fenced, and who had guarded his tent the last time that I was his soldier. He faced them, and said, "Come, come, have you aught to say? Give me my sword, and I will hear it." Then he seemed to look far away, and to be as if he beheld an army fighting. "Here they come," he cried. "Give ground, give ground a whit! Fall back! but keep order; this is not flight. A pace to the rear! Our time will come! Incline to the left; to the left yet more, my boys! So, so!"

Then he lifted up himself and peered beyond the court, while his face seemed on fire, and his hair bristled on his war-worn face. "'Tis Hasdrubal," he cried. "He comes. Now charge! forward! charge!"

His voice seemed more loud and piercing than a mortal's, and very strange. He sank down on the ground, and rose not again. They threw his

corpse down the cliff, for they feared the Romans ; and I went home and told Kallinice all that had been done. She roused herself to hear me ; and at night we went to the place where his body lay, and buried him, speaking farewell to him. The next day she sat in the house still, and making no sign, only with her hand on the hilt of the dagger, the gift she had from Hannibal. So she sat, and I sat in sorrow ; and in the evening she laid herself down, and I kissed her, and she died. So died they both ; and I am left. Soon too I shall die. I can meet without shame all of those that I have met here ; but Hannibal I cannot. O great prince ! hear me. I do repent.

THE END

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